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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F. R. S. Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reign of Charles II. and James II. Comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1693. Discovered by the Rev. J. Smith, from the original Short-hand MS. in the Pepysian Library. And a selection from his Private Correspondence. Edited by Lord Braybrooke. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1825. Colburn.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the extensive popularity of the *Memoirs of Grammont*, and the still greater attractions of those of Evelyn, we have no hesitation in stating our opinion that these volumes will outstrip them both in public estimation. For ourselves we are delighted with them: they reach the very *beau idéal* of what we desire from such records. The station of the individual gave him access to the most interesting intelligence of the period:—the period is one of peculiar variety, mingling of character, and fluctuation both national and private:—the diary is an honest, unaffected memorandum of daily occurrences, not intended for any eye but that of the writer, being kept in short hand, only legible to himself: and finally, the entries give so truly the impressions of the moment, that many of them, at a week or month's distance of time apart, perpetuate opinions and facts widely differing from those first felt or believed.

We have thus obtained a fund of private anecdote; perpetual notices of the changing fashions of the age; hints to light us to the truth of history; a perfect idea of the privileges, court of Charles, and of the leading persons around that easy and dissolute monarch; most interesting accounts of the drama and stage; and, in fine, just such a picture of life, a century and a half ago, as it is entertaining beyond measure to examine and reflect upon.

We are reminded that it is often desirable to introduce the author to his readers, that they may know a little of the person in whose company they are requested to spend their time.

Samuel Pepys, born in 1632, was the son of a citizen and tailor of London; of a good family and probably originally from Scotland. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Cambridge, married very young, and became a protégé of his relative Sir E. Montagu, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Sandwich. He appears to have been a very drudge in his official appointments, and rose to value by his application and comparative purity—for in those days the purest men in office seem to have had a less correct notion of integrity than the meanest have now. In private he acts with much simplicity, and might well be esteemed a worthy fellow, though he does not neglect his own advancement, nor show (after he acquires fortune) the pleasures which surround him. He had at last a seat in Parliament, was two years President of the Royal Society, and on the accession of William and Mary, retired from the bustle and fatigue of public affairs. He died at Clapham, in 1703, and was buried in St. Olave's, Hart-street.

In reviewing the present work, which contains matter to enrich a whole year of our Gazette, we shall endeavour to class our extracts from the

diary under several heads—such as history, manners, fashions, the drama, literature, science, anecdote, &c.; and we confess, so attractive are they all, that we hardly know how or where to begin. Perhaps the precedence is due to the more general topics, and we commence with them, being aware that they also incidentally include much which might be otherwise classed. So let us to dinner, "with what appetite we may."

"Jan. 1659-60.—Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner—viz. a dish of marrow bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl; three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese. My company was my father, my uncle Fenner, his two sons, Mr. Pierce, and all their wives, and my brother Tom."

"The news of this day is a letter that speaks absolutely Monk's concurrence with this Parliament, and nothing else, which yet I hardly believe."

"Feb. 2. I this day left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit with silver lace coat, and went over to Harper's, where I met with W. Simons, Doering, Luella and three merchants, one of which had occasion to use a porter, so they sent for one, and James the soldier came, who told us how they had been all day and night upon their guard at St. James's, and that through the whole town they did resolve to stand to what they had begun, and that to-morrow he did believe they would go into the City, and be received there." After this we went to a sport called, selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings, and sat talking there till almost twelve at night."

Within a few days Monk entered the metropolis, and the restoration became certain.

"We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried 'God bless them,' and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star Tavern, (Monk being then at Benion's.) In Cheap-side there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of a spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagina-

tion, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side."

Lord Sandwich brought the King over: and how was he amused the first or second evening after his arrival in London?—

"April 23d. In the evening, for the first time, extraordinary good sport among the seamen, after my Lord had done playing at nine pins!"

The details respecting the King are (though we pass them for the nonce) highly curious: We are now upon the manners of the period—

"July 8th, (Lord's day.) To White Hall chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surpises in my life. The Bishop of Chichester preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like that the Clergy should meddle with matters of state. Dined with Mr. Luella and Salisbury at a cook's shop. Home, and staid all the afternoon with my wife till after supper. There till Mr. Fairebrother come to call us out to my father's to supper. He told me how he had perfectly procured me to be made Master in Arts by proxy, which did somewhat please me, though I remember my cousin Roger Pepys was the other day persuading me from it."

"Sept. 1. This day I put on my new silk suit the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clement's to a great wedding of Nan Herthill to Myndher Roder, which was kept at Goring House with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. And finding my Lord in White Hall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the dispatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earle of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchbrooke, and Baron of St. Neot's. Home, with my mind pretty quiet: not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed."

"Oct. 7th, (Lord's day.) To White Hall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloake for a short one (long cloakes being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Sparrow preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Capt. Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child; and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the Duke, and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad." [The lady became Duchess of York.]

"13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see

Major-general Harrison\* hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shewn to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross.

"14th. To White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royall since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit.

"24th. To Mr. Lilly's with Mr. Spong, where well received, there being a clubb to-night among his friends. Among the rest Esquire Ashmole, the antiquarian, who I found was a very ingenious gentleman. With him we two sang afterward in Mr. Lilly's study. That done, we all parted; and I home by coach, taking Mr. Rooker with me, who did tell me a great many fooleries, which may be done by nativities, and blaming Mr. Lilly for writing to please his friends and to keep in with the times, (as he did formerly to his own dishonour,) and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well erre, as he had done.

"26th. By Westminster to White Hall, where I saw the Duke de Soissons go from his audience with a very great deal of state: his own coach all red velvet covered with gold lace, and drawn by six barbes, and attended by twenty pages very rich in clothes. To Westminster Hall, and bought, among other books, one of the Life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife; but it was so silly writ, that we did nothing but laugh at it: among other things it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty, the Duchess of Albemarle. Great talk as if the Duke of York should own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter.

"November 1st. This morning Sir W. Penn and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We come to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things he shewed me my Lady's closet, wherein was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chaire, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—'The memory of the wicked shall rot;') but I found afterwards that he did not go away from school before that time.

"7th. Notwithstanding this was the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney rouches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home.

"December 4th. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Brad-

shaw, &c. should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it: which, (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was, should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

"Jan. 21st, 1661. It is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flies fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves, such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here. This day many more of the Fifth Monarchy, men were hanged.

"22d. I met with Dr. Thomas Fuller. He tells me of his last and great book that is coming out: that is, the History of all the Families in England; and could tell me more of my own, than I knew myself. And also to what perfection he hath now brought the art of memory; that he did lately to four eminently great scholars dispute together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired; and that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his last sentence, (which he never was,) that then his last refuge is to begin with an Utterance.

"30th. To my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburne.

"Feb. 5. Into the Hall; and there saw my Lord Treasurer (who was sworn to-day at the Exchequer, with a great company of Lords and persons of honour to attend him) go up to the Treasury Offices, and take possession thereof; and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up at the further end of the Hall.

"April 22d. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company; among others Mr. Delabar: where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwixt, and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it.

"20th. Comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principall officers, &c. to come to him to-day. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there staid and talked a good while with him till all the rest come. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habitt he is a very plain man. Then he sent us to his closet, where we saw among other things two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East India Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algier (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away to White Hall; and in the Banqueting-house saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, Earles, and Mr. Crewe and several others, Barons: the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earles to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronett, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for each Baron, only he is led up by three of the old Barons. And they are girt with swords before they go to the King. To the Cockpit; and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchesse, (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady

Chancellor). And so saw 'The Humorous Lieutenant' acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity."

On the day of the King's proclamation, we have the following among other traits:

"At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the city had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-streete, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proferred the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they had hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolike; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did duple. At last I sent my wife and her bed-fellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well."

Our author now takes a trip into the country, and these extracts will illustrate the travels of 1661:

"April 30th. This morning my wife and I and Mr. Creed, took coach, and in Fish-street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who through her maske seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty modest black woman. We got a small bait at Leatherhead, and so to Godlyman, where we lay all night. I am sorry that I am not at London, to be at Hide-parke to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine.

"May 1st. Up early, and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry, and played with our wives at bowles. Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lyon, where Hasebrigg and Scott and Walton did hold their counsell, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety.

"2d. To see the room where the Duke of Buckingham was killed by Felton.

"6th. I hear to-night that the Duke of York's son is this day dead, which I believe will please every body; and I hear that the Duke and his Lady themselves are not much troubled at it." The funeral of Peppy's uncle, Robert, is another specimen:

"Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead; so I set out on horseback, and got well by nine o'clock to Brompton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corps in a coffin standing upon joynt-stooles in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by my aunt.

"7th. Lord's day. In the morning my father and I read the will; where, though he gives

\* Thomas Harrison, son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Lyne, appointed by Cromwell to convey Charles I. from Windsor to Whitehall, in order to his trial, and afterwards sat as one of his judges."

me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbands and gloves, ready for the burial. Which in the afternoon was done; where, it being Sunday, all people far and near come in; and in the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them with what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner preached a funeral sermon.

"4th. To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in the country-people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins 'Right worshipfull and dearly beloved' to us. To church again, and, after supper, to talk about publique matters, wherein Roger Pepps told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most profane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and bring things into a wart again if they can."

Again in town:

"Sept. 7th. Having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was 'Bartholomew Fayre,' with the puppet-showe, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years, (it being so satirical against puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it,) but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being the reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

"11th. To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of granes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe that he hath killed above 100 cats. - - -

"At noon to my Lord Crewe's, where one Mr. Templer (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be) dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larks, which they take thus:—They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject physion upon the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down in the fields every where, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung."

This is not the only traveller's story.

"To Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Captain Minnes, whom I was much much pleased to hear

talk. Among other things, he and the captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white, and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.

"Home to dinner. In the afternoon come the German Dr. Knuffer, to discourse with us about his engine to blow up ships. We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret, (for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it,) it will appear to be of no danger at all. We concluded nothing; but shall discourse with the Duke of York to-morrow about it."

We skip now into 1662, for the sake of a few extracts respecting the Court—the licentiousness of which surpasses all credibility.

"Sept. 17th. Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somerset House; and there carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queene sitting on her left hand (whom I did never see before); and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madam Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's bastard, a most pretty sparke of about 15 years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queenes both are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchesse; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queene, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach and the rest in other coaches. Here were great stores of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queene were very merry; and he would have made the Queene-Mother believe that his Queene was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queene answered, 'You lye;' which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.'

"Christmas Day. Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the communion with the family, but I come a little too late. So I walked up into the house and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the VIIIth's voyage to Bullen; marking the great difference between those built then and now. By and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the Angels, 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men.' Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall ought to be on these days. Particularized concerning their excess in playes and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duell, meaning the game-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the representations of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses.

"Dec. 31st. Public matters stand thus: The King is bringing, as is said, his family, and Navy, and all other his charges, to a less expence. In the mean time, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being publick, every day, to his great reproach; and his fa-

vouring of none at Court so much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure, as Sir H. Pen-net and Sir Charles Barkely; which, good God! put it into his heart to mend, before he makes himself too much contemned by his people for it! The Duke of Mornmouth is in so great splendour at Court, and so dandied by the King, that some doubt, that, if the King should have no child by the Queene (which there is yet no appearance of), whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow between the Duke of York and him; which God prevent! My Lord Chancellor is threatened by people to be questioned, the next sitting of the Parliament, by some spirits that do not love to see him so great; but certainly he is a good servant to the King: The Queene-Mother is said to keep too great a Court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Alban's is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France, how true, God knows. The Bishops are high, and go on without any diffidence in pressing uniformity; and the Presbyters seem silent in it, and either conform or lay down, though without doubt they expect a turn, and would be glad these endeavours of the other Fanatiques would take effect; there having been a plot lately found, for which four have been publicly tried at the Old Bayley and hanged."

May, 1663. "After dinner, I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizziness: and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in any thing to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies: when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour."

The following are more miscellaneous:

"To the Trinity House; where, among others, I found my Lords Sandwich and Craven, and my cousin Roger Pepps, and Sir Wm. Wheeler. Both at and after dinner we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very scepticall. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the Devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true; but my Lord observes, that though he do answer to any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one time he tried to play and could not; which makes him suspect the whole; and I think it is a good argument. - - -

"To the King's Head ordinari; and a pretty gentleman in our company, who confirms my Lady Castlemaine's being gone from Court, by knows not the reason, he told us of one wipe the Queene a little while ago did give her, when she come in and found the Queene under the dresser's hands, and had been so long: 'I wonder your Majesty,' says she, 'can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing!'—'I have so much reason to use patience,' says the Queene, 'tho I can very well bear with it.' He thinks it must be the Queene hath commanded her to retire though that is not likely. - - -

"This noon going to the Exchange, I met fine fellow with trumpets before him in Lead



half-street, and upon enquiry I find that he is the clerk of the City Market; and three or four men carried each of them an arrow of a pound weight in their hands. It seems this Lord Mayor, Sir John Frederic, begins again an old custom, that upon the three first days of Bartholomew Fayre, the first, there is a match of wrestling, which was done, and the Lord Mayor then and Aldermen in Moorefields yesterday: second day, shooting; and to-morrow hunting. And this officer of course is to perform this ceremony of riding through the city, I think to proclaim of challenge any to shoot. It seems the people of the faire cry out upon it as a great hindrance to them.

"Feb. 1st. 1664. I hear how two men last night, justling for the wall about the new Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's Chapel, one Cave, and the other a retainer of my Lord Generall Middleton's. Thence to White Hall, where in the Duke's chamber, the King came and stayed an hour or two laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was there about his boat; and at Gresham College in general: at which poor Petty was, I perceive, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and hear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders with great discretion; and offered to take odds against the King's best boats: but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College he mightily laughed at, for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat. Mr. Pierce tells me how the King, coming the other day to his theatre to see 'The Indian Queene,' (which he commends for a very fine thing), my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York: which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as every body else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to shew the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed.

We have already much exceeded our usual limits, in order to find room for these extracts from a work new to the public, and which excites more interest than any book of late years; but we must still encroach a little farther, to conclude with some piquant anecdotes of the celebrated Nell Gwyn.

"July 13, 1667. Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her 100*l.* a-year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more. And yesterday Sir Thomas Crewe told me that Lucy lies a-dying; nor will receive any ghostly advice from a bishop, an old acquaintance of his, that went to see him. It is an odd and sad thing to say, that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet every body's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise; now the king hath consented to all they would have. And yet no wise man that I meet with, when he comes to think of it, but wishes with all his heart a war; but that the king is not a man to be trusted with the management of it. It was pleasantly said by a man in this city, a stranger, to one that told him the peace was concluded, 'Well,' says he, 'and have you a peace?' 'Yes,' says the other, 'Why then,' says he, 'hold your peace!' P'rty reproaching us with the disgracefulness of it, that it is not fit to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it.

"14th. To Epsum, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company. And to the town

to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nell are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house.

"August 22d. With my Lord Brouncker and his mistress to the king's play-house, and there saw 'The Indian Emperor;' where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the emperor's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most basely.

"26th. Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and that her great admirer now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend, also: but she is come to the playhouse, but is neglected by them all.

"October 5th. To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-room; and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of 'Flora's Figarys,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! And how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a shew they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better played. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

"26th. Mrs. Pierce tells me that the two Marshalls at the King's house are Stephen Marshall's the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nell and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, 'I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel so fill strong water to the gentlemen; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyterian's praying daughter!'

*O tempora, o mores!*

Probably these volumes will not be generally circulated previous to next Saturday, when we hope farther to gratify the curiosity of our readers from their highly entertaining contents.

*The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford.* Vol. IX. pp. 283, 4to. London, C. Knight.

A volume of Horace Walpole's will always be acceptable to the public; especially a volume accompanied by such excellent annotations as those which attend the present. These we do not hesitate to ascribe to the pen of Mr. Croker; and they do credit alike to his general knowledge, research in this particular instance, and impartiality.

The chief portion of the correspondence is addressed to Lord Hertford while British Ambassador in Paris, with David Hume as his Secretary; and it throws much light upon the home politics and party struggles of that angry period. But politics and party are not themes for the *Literary Gazette* to dwell upon; and we shall content ourselves with citing only one of the letters as an example of the whole—adding, however, a few shorter selections, either as connected with wit,

anecdote, or literature. The letter is the seventh in the collection; and as follows:

"Arlington-street, Dec. 29th, 1763.

"You are sensible, my dear Lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one;) but then that absurdity depends upon the Almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that every body will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose; and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; every body is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; every body goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The Opposition languishes; balls and asemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than any thing that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new Peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and another a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to fill the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.

"Before the Parliament adjourned, there was nothing but a trifling debate in an empty house, occasioned by a motion from the ministry, to order another physician and surgeon to attend Wilkes: it was carried by about 70 to 30, and was only memorable by producing Mr. Charles Townsend, who, having sat silent through the question of privilege, found himself interested in the defence of Dr. Brocklesby! Charles ridiculed Lord North extremely, and had warm words with George Grenville. I do not look upon this as productive of consequential speaking for the opposition; on the contrary, I should expect him sooner in place, if the ministry could be fools enough to restore weight to him, and could be ignorant that he can never hurt them so much as by being with them. Wilkes refused to see Herberden and Hawkins, whom the House commissioned to visit him; and to laugh at us more, sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton. Well! but since that, he is gone off himself: however, as I did in D'Eon's case, I can now only ask news of him from you, not tell you any; for you have got him. I do not believe you will invite him, and make so much of him, as the Duke of Bedford did. Both sides pretend joy at his being gone; and for once I can believe both. You will be diverted, as I was, at the cordial esteem the ministers have for one another: Lord Waldegrave told my niece, this morning, that he had offered a shilling, to receive an hundred



pounds when Sandwich shall lose his head! what a good opinion they have of one another! apropos to losing heads, is Lally beheaded?

"The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the three hundred thousand pounds, which the Ministry had promised him in lieu of his nabobical annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the King's levee; the King asked where his son was; he replied, 'Sire, he is coming to town, and then your Majesty will have another vote.' If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The Chancellor is chosen a Governor of St. Bartholomew's hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. 'Well, Mr. Bartlemy,' said his Lordship, snuffing, 'what have you to say?' The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation, congratulated his lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, crying, 'By God, it is a lie; I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities.' The late Chancellor is much better.

"The last time the King was at Drury-lane, the play given out for next night was 'All in the wrong'; the galleries clapped, and then cried out 'Let us be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!' When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George.

"The town, you may be sure, is very empty; the greatest party is at Woburn, whither the Comte de Guernsey and the Duc de Peckigny are going. I have been these days at Strawberry, and had George Selwyn, Williams, and Lord Ashburnham; but the weather was infernally bad. We have scarce had a moment's drought since you went, no more than for so many months before. The towns and the roads are beyond measure dirty, and every thing else under water. I was not well neither, nor am yet, with pains in my stomach: however, if I ever used one, I could afford to pay a physician. The other day, coming from my Lady Townshend's, it came into my head to stop at one of the lottery offices, to inquire after a single ticket I had, expecting to find it a blank, but it was five hundred pounds—thank you! I know you wish me joy. It will buy twenty pretty things when I come to Paris.

"I read, last night, your new French play, *Le Comte de Warwick*, which we hear has succeeded much. I must say, it does but confirm the cheap idea I have of you French: not to mention the preposterous perversion of history in so known a story, the Queen's ridiculous preference of old Warwick to a young King; the omission of the only thing she ever said or did in her whole life worth recording, which was thinking herself too low for his wife, and too high for his mistress; the romantic honour bestowed on two such savages as Edward and Warwick: besides these, and forty such glaring absurdities, there is but one scene that has any merit, that between Edward and Warwick in the third act. Indeed, I don't honour the modern French: it is making your son but a slender compliment, with his knowledge, for them to say it is extraordinary. The best proof I think they give of their taste, is liking you all three. I rejoice that your little boy is recovered. Your brother has been at Park-place this week, and stays a week longer; his hill is too high to be drowned.

"Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Selwyn; if he had too much impatience, I am sure it proceeded only from his great esteem for you.

"I will endeavour to learn what you desire; and will answer, in another letter, that and some other passages in your last. Dr. Hunter is very good, and calls on me sometimes. You may guess whether we talk you over or not. Adieu!

"Your's, ever, H. WALPOLE."

The two following anecdotes are among the curious matters of that description which are scattered over the volume:

"Lord Gower had been reputed the head of the Jacobites. Sir C. H. Williams sneeringly calls him 'Hanoverian Gower'; and when he accepted office from the House of Brunswick, all the Jacobites in England were mortified and enraged. Dr. Johnson, a steady Tory, was, when compiling his dictionary, with difficulty persuaded not to add to his explanation of the word *deserter*—'sometimes it is called a *Go'er*.'

"The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby\* did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do. In the middle of the operation, the Duke said, 'Hold!' Ranby said, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it.' The Duke repeated, 'I say, hold!' and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap, for, said he, 'the poor man has sweat through these.' It was true; but the Duke did not utter a groan.

Of witticisms we copy three specimens:

"Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of his admirable *bon mots*. Miss Draycote, the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tailnage* is become equal to her *poundage*.

"Lord Bath owed Lady Bel Finch half a crown; he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her a crown. She replied that though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it.

"I will tell you but one more folly, and hasten to my signature. Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night: my Lord replied, 'Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards.'"

A sketch of the House of Commons on one of the intemperate debates which shook it in those days of contest for office, is happily drawn.

"You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for Members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House look'd like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say us; Hercules I have not suffered the least, except that from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don't believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl—you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.

"The Duchess of Richmond has got a fever with the attendance of Tuesday—but on Friday we were forced to be unpolite. The Amazons came down in such squadrons, that we were forced to be denied. However, eight or nine of the patriotesses dined in one of the Speaker's rooms, and stayed there till twelve—nay, worse, while their dear country was at stake, I am afraid they were playing at loo!"

\* An eminent surgeon.

The remaining five passages which we have marked for our readers, relate to different matters: the two latter, to the writer's correspondence with Mr. H. Zouch, on the subject of his Noble Authors; and we have gone so far into other reviews this week, that we are compelled to give them without comment or connexion:

"We had, last Monday, the prettiest ball that ever was seen at Mrs. Ann Pitt's,\* in the compass of a silver penny. There were one hundred and four persons, of which number fifty-five supped. The supper room was disposed with tables and benches back to back in the manner of an ale-house. The idea sounds ill, but the Fairies had so improved upon it, had so *be-garlanded*, so *sweetenated*, and so *deserted* it, that it looked like a vision. I told her she could only have fed and stowed so much company by a miracle, and that, when we were gone, she would take up twelve basketful of people. The Duchess of Bedford asked me before Mr. de Guernchy, if I would not give them a ball at Strawberry? 'Not for the universe!—What! turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles into my charming new gallery! I said, I could not flatter myself that people would give themselves the trouble of going eleven miles for a ball—though I believe they would go fifty!—'Well, then,' says she, 'it shall be a dinner!—'With all my heart, I have no objection; but no ball shall set its foot within my doors."

"Last Thursday, the Duchess of Queensberry gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances; as she had on-joined every body to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell sisters, all were left out but Lady Strathford, Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who having had colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places were filled up, and that they must not come; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan, and Lord Beaulieu, instead of Lord Montagu. This, her Grace protested, was by accident. Lady Cardigan was very angry, and yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the Duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her.

"Come with a whistle, and come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or come not at all."

"I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon *Moonfields*. The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn, George Selwyn, and I, retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The Duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible.

"I dined two days ago at Monsieur de Guernchy's, with the Comte de Caraman, who brought me your letter. He seems a very agreeable man, and you may be sure, for your sake, and Madame de Mirepoix's, no civilities in my power shall be wanting. I have not yet seen Schouvaloff, about whom one has more curiosity—it is an opportunity of gratifying that passion which one can seldom do in personages of his historic nature, especially remote foreigners. I wish M. de Caraman had brought the *Siege of Calais*, which he tells me is printed, though your account has a

\* Sister of the Great Lord of Chatham, whom she resembled in some qualities of her mind. Mr. Walpole, when some foreigner who could not see Mr. Pitt himself, had asked him if he was like his sister, answered, in his usual happy style of giving a portrait at a touch, 'Il se ressemble comme deux gouttes de feu.' She was Frivy Farse to the Princess Dowager."

had added my patience. They tells us the French Comedians are to act at Calais this summer—is it possible they can be so absurd, or think us so absurd as to go thither, if we would not go further? I remember; at Rheims, they believed that English ladies went to Calais to drink champagne—is this the suite of that belief? I was mightily pleased with the Duc de Choiseul's answer to the Clairon; but when I hear of the French admiration of Garrick, it takes off something of my wonder at the prodigious adoration of him at home. I never could conceive the marvellous merit of repeating the works of others in one's own language with propriety, however well delivered. Shakspeare is not more admired for writing his plays, than Garrick for acting them. I think him a very good and very various player—but several have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin, in Falstaff, was as excellent as Garrick in Lear. Old Johnson far more natural in every thing he attempted. Mrs. Porter and your Dumesnil surpassed him in passionate tragedy: Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, excoombs, and men of fashion. Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy—and yet to me, Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he ever performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin in Sir John Brute and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed, his Bayes was original, but not the true part: Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a Garretreer. The town did not like him in Hotspur, and yet I don't know whether he did not succeed in it beyond all the rest. Sir Charles Williams and Lord Holland thought so too, and they were no bad judges. I am impatient to see the Clairon, and certainly will, as I have promised, though I have not fixed my day.

"May I ask where, and in what page of what book, I can find Sir R. Cotton's account of Rd. II. being an author? Does he mean Rd. I.?"

"With your curiosity, Sir, and love of information, I am sure you will be glad to hear of a most valuable treasure that I have discovered; it is the collection of State Papers amassed by the two Lords Conway, that were Secretaries of State; and their family: vast numbers have been destroyed; yet I came time enough to retrieve vast numbers, many, indeed, in a deplorable condition. They were buried under lumber upon the pavement of an unfinished chapel, at Lord Hertford's, in Warwickshire, and during his minority, and the absence of his father, an ignorant steward delivered them over to the oven and kitchen, and yet had not been able to destroy them all. It is a vast work to dry, range, and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds, and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and were all jumbled and matted together. I propose, by degrees, to print the most curious; of which, I think, I have already selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my Catalogue. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice."

"Mr. Walpole takes no notice of Richard II. as an author; but Mr. Park inserts this Prince as a writer of ballads. In a letter to Archbishop Usher, Sir Robert Cotton requests his grace to procure for him a poem by Richard II., which that Prelate had pointed out."

"The increased and increasing taste of the public for the materials of history, such as these valuable papers supply, will, we have reason to hope, be gratified by the approaching appearance of this collection, publication of which was contemplated even as long since as 1780."

*H. and Hunting; or the Mother and Daughters.*  
A Tale of Fashionable Life. 3 vols. 12mo.  
Whittaker.

THESE are obviously two grand divisions of the modern Novel: that which, mingling history with imagination, has risen into such sudden and extensive popularity in our day; and that older, and perhaps more legitimate one, which, taking its characters from actual observation, connects them by story, thus giving them at once interest and illustration.

The Novel before us is of the latter description; the characters profess to be grounded on life, the narrative is probably a work of fancy, and the whole, we are gratified in pronouncing to be a performance of a striking and attractive order.

We shall not enter into the narrative in much detail. It describes the *debut* of a youth of talent and feeling in fashionable society. His town relatives are persons mingling with the higher ranks, and from the unsuspected narrowness of their finances, forced to adopt the ingenious contrivances which make so much of the pressure and peril of showy female ambition. This youth, Vaughan, falls in love with a girl of beauty, and distinguished nobleness of mind; they are both poor, both orphans, and both repelled and insulted by the worldly spirit of their aspiring relatives. Vaughan volunteers into the army, goes through some of the celebrated Peninsular campaigns; and makes himself conspicuous by the adventures and virtues of soldiership.

He returns, glowing with love and triumph, to find his character calumniated, his hopes of fortune destroyed, and last and bitterest of all, his handsome, high-minded mistress about to give her hand to his habitual enemy.

The distress deepens round him, he sinks under his evils, wanders on the continent, is driven back by the landing of Napoleon from Elba, rejoins the army, and after having fought at Waterloo, returns to England once more, against all his vows, to find, against all his expectations, hope and happiness gathering round him. The worldly spirit of his fashionable relatives is repaid, as it generally is by the world, in the continued increase of their embarrassments, in disappointment and financial ruin. Some vigorous and natural displays of high life in its principles and practices are given, some public personages, though without offensive peculiarity, are introduced, and the work closes in poetic justice.

As the fairest style of criticism, and the most gratifying to our readers, we shall give, without further remark, a few passages most capable of being separated from the narrative.

*A Bridal in high life.*—"His Lordship now took the hand of the bride, and with the same smile which he had worn at the birth-days of half a century, implored, probably to prevent further mischances, that the envious veil might be raised that hung between him and so much beauty. He raised the veil; and Clementina's fixed eye overwhelmed even his urbanity for the time. He almost started back as he saw its cold and sullen glare, the lifeless hue of her countenance, rouged as it was, and the livid paleness of her lip. But it was too late; the veil was again dropped; and her mother followed her to the carriage, where, flinging herself back on the seat, she remained silent and motionless, till the long and pompous cavalcade had arrived at the church-door.

"Marriage is not a joyous ceremony. The solemnity of the ritual—the sacredness of the altar—the gravity of its minister—the newness of the life into which it leads—the separation, partial as it may be, from early ties and fondnesses, are all adverse to joy. The Hymen of the ancient world, with his flute and dancers, his cheerful

torch, and laughing countenance, has given way to a loftier but a more subdued spirit; and the noblest rite of friendship and love is often consecrated by tears.

"This marriage was the stern service of revenge. An angry and a tempestuous heart was hid in the holy words that passed over the bride's lip. Her mother doubly anxious, as the last moment of possible hesitation approached, watched every moment; and whispering in her ear to be firm, stood in an almost involuntary attitude to receive her if she should fall. Catherine, scarcely less anxious from pity, was at her side, alternately listening to the ceremonial and sustaining the bride. Vaughan and Courtney, in the remote circle, equally gazed, and were equally spell-bound by the contrast. Catherine, with her noble countenance, filled at once with high devotion and human tenderness, her full and splendid glance cast upwards in the more sacred portions of the rite, and her lip, touched with sweet seriousness and cheering smiles, as she turned towards the victim, gave Vaughan the idea of Beauty and Compassion personified beside Despair. Courtney saw, with sudden scorn of himself, only the loveliness which he had lost; and formed his dark determination to thwart and crush the rival who had mastered his interest in her heart.

"The ceremony approached its conclusion—sighs and tears were among the circle—but the bride neither sighed nor wept. She pronounced the solemn words that gave her to another, without a change of feature; but, at the moment when she was turning from the altar, a fiery flush crossed her countenance, she pressed Catherine's wrist, and murmured—'All's over; Windham and I are parted for ever; I am revenged.'

There is some occasional poetry in these volumes. Vaughan is engaged in an affair of honour, and the night before the meeting is one of thought and natural anxiety.

"The night had now advanced; but he felt no inclination to sleep. He walked to the window, and gazed upon the stars, which shone in their glory; he paced the room in deep and yet wandering meditations; he again took up his book, a popular volume; but the vividness of knightly adventure, and the magnificence of baronial castles, had palled upon his nervous and excited spirit. He took up his pen, and his thoughts insensibly strayed into verse. Catherine's parting present lay upon his table, and was his muse:

"*The Remembrance.*

Come to my heart, thou pledge of love!  
And while with life its pulses move,  
In absence, peril, far or near,  
Come to my heart, and rest thee here!  
My days of youth are gone and past,  
My manhood's hour is overcast;  
My later destiny may have  
A wanderer's life, a stranger's grave;  
But whether eyes of love shall weep  
Where thy pale master's relics sleep;  
Or whether on the wave or plain,  
This bosom shall forget its pain;  
Yet where I rove, or where I fall,  
To me thou shalt be all in all.  
Come to my heart: When thou art nigh,  
The parting hour is on mine eye;  
I see the chestnut ringlets rolled  
Round the bright forehead's Grecian mould,  
The ruby lip, the pencilled brow,  
The cheek's delicious April glow,  
The smile, a sweet and sunny beam  
Upon life's melancholy stream;  
The glance of soul, pure, splendid, high—  
Till all the vision wanders by.  
Like angels to their brighter sphere;  
And leaves me lone and darkling here!"

With the second volume the adventure thickens. Vaughan lands with his regiment at Lisbon, and enjoys, with the ardour and young enthusiasm of a gallant and sensitive heart, the mingled scene of magnificence and confusion, the natural loveliness of the south, and the wild and universal



tumult of that most memorable and brilliant period.

The march of the brigade, and the celebrated surprise of Giraud, by Lord Hill, is well described:

"As they left the town, the bands struck up, the colours were unfurled, and the air rang with the gallant tumult of the soldiery. The Sierra before them rose rapidly as they approached it, and the brigade gazed on its masses and pinnacles, sheathed with sunlight in a thousand shapes and hues, with a feeling of scarcely less than astonishment. As the sun sank lower, and the bases of the mountain range lost the light, they seemed embedded in a sea of melting purple; but the rivulets that broke down the higher declivities, still gleaming in the sun, wore the look of streams and gushes of fire winding their way through the bold and fractured sides of the hills, till they were extinguished in the gulph below; higher still, the brow, jagged and pointed in innumerable forms, was the crater of the great volcano, ruddy with shifting and lurid splendour; and above all, one mighty shaft of granite, white as snow, and in the full blaze of the sun, shot its spire into the clouds, with the intense light of a living volcanic flame.

"The troops continued their march during the night, through precipices and pinnacles, by wild depths, where a false step would have been destruction, and on ridges, below which the clouds hung. The moon was in her wane. . .

"It was midnight, when an officer of the staff rode up to the regiment, telling them to get under arms, and advance immediately towards a point on which the last beam of the moon was falling; that the enemy were near, and that it was necessary to take them by surprise. The troops started from the ground with martial good will, and in a few moments the brigade began descending the precipices. The march was conducted with caution, but the tread of the soldiery, the guns crashing down the stony road, and the cries of the musketeers, which no threats could restrain, must have soon betrayed their movements to the vigilant and active enemy. But fortune still favoured them; the sky, hitherto so serene, became clouded, as they came within hearing of the French videttes; the wind rose, and suddenly blew in gusts of such force, that the soldiery were compelled to cling to the rocks and pines. The moonlight was extinguished at once, and the thunder began to roll like cannon of a distant battle. . .

"The rain began to pour in torrents, the ground was deluged, and a glance at the mountain by one of the flashes showed it white, with sudden cataracts rushing down after them. To take shelter was impossible, to advance became at every step more hazardous; all points of direction had been lost: it was at last resolved to halt upon the spot till morning. The lightning had ceased, and tenfold darkness covered earth and sky, when one broad burst, that seemed like a conflagration of the general atmosphere, broke from the depth of the clouds, and showed the whole horizon. They were already at the foot of the hill on which the French had encamped for the night: the entire position was displayed before them, the guns commanding the entrance of the village, the picquets at the foot of the ascent, the cavalry videttes on the neighbouring heights. But all was silent, as if man had no business to mingle his little powers with the overwhelming grandeur and might of the war of nature.

"The glare sunk, and in the next moment the troops rushed on in columns, with an inspiring huza. The position was attacked in flank, front, and rear, at once; the enemy made a vigorous resistance, and the face of the hill was in a blaze with cannon and musquetry. The French

were commanded by Giraud, a gallant soldier and a favourite of Napoleon; he had been surprised, but he strove to sustain his character.

"The conflict became close and destructive; the entrance to the village had been barricaded, the houses were looped, and a heavy fire was poured from every roof, fence, and window. But the British bayonet was irresistible. The barricades were rapidly stormed, amidst cheers, and the roar of mingled artillery and thunder. Vaughan felt himself buoyed up with a lofty and maddening animation; he plunged into the blaze of the musquetry without a consciousness of hazard; all was a bold, feverish, almost joyous, tumult of sensations; a new life seemed to have been poured into his frame, and first of the first, and loudest of the loud, he flung himself into the midst of desperate encounter.—[A personal encounter is spiritedly painted.]—The British gave a roar of triumph, and drove the battalion before them down the street, firing and charging till its remnant threw down their arms at the last barricade.

"The action was now over: a few scattered parties of the enemy continued firing from the Sierra de Montanches, along which they were making their escape, pursued by the light infantry. But even this was soon at an end; the British success was complete. Nearly three battalions, with their staff, the Prince d'Arenberg, and a demi-brigade of artillery, were the results of this night's enterprises, one of the most brilliant of a war abounding in genius and valour."

Vaughan, in the course of the campaign, has saved the life of a Spaniard of rank; he has been invited to a fête at the house of this young Noble, but his dejection is obvious even in the midst of this glittering festivity, and the fair wife of his entertainer (who, from his past services, takes a strong and honourable interest in his sorrows) attempts to reconcile him to his English love. She relates a story of her ancestors in Venice, which is a very pleasing episode; but, returning to English life and its motley characters, we have only room to add, that Mrs. Courtney, the fashionable mother, straitened in her income, and on the road to ruin, leaves Town for Brighton. She there surrenders to her council an old acquaintance,—

A Toadster.—"Among the men who had most diligently attended Mrs. Courtney's at home in Harley-street, was Jack Flatter. He was presumed to be poor, and was treated with correspondent neglect; but he still made his way, and was even a favourite with the fair of a certain age. Youth fled him, and beauty turned away its smiles; no mother wooed him for her daughter, and no father gave him champagne to animate him into a proposal. Yet he still kept his ground, where bolder, and younger, and richer, and handsomer, gradually sank *hors de combat*.

"Jack's secret was the faculty of detecting female attractions. Where the best-gifted eye would have been repelled by timely antiquity, or the rigid stamp of unpoetical nature, Jack Flatter's connoisseurship found loves and graces, and, as a matter of principle, communicated his discovery to their possessors.

"Jack declared, that in his time he had heard much of Scepticism, but had never met with any; that a few minutes' application to the understanding produced the most perfect conviction; and, for his part, he believed, that of all female qualities stubborn doubt was the most rare.

"He had been an occasional visitor at Mrs. Courtney's for some years, and had there indulged himself in the charitable pursuit of persuading the antiquated into youth, and the deformed into beauty. This indulgence to the sex he however

varied as it suited his circle, by the most scornful opinion of the general human race; and his knowledge of the unsuspected sides of character gave him the most peculiar powers of anatomy.

"But at the bottom of all this olio of compliment and contempt, Jack had some fragments of the original good-nature, which had made him a dupe, and sent him stripped of his patrimony to seek at the world in revenge."

Mrs. Courtney, showy, clever, and worldly, at length sees herself undone: her daughters have made matches which gall her pride; her son is a lost reprobate; her fortune is irreparably gone; she is broken down by utter adversity; but disgust with the hollowess of the world gradually softens into wisdom, and the close of her career leaves her happier and more rational than her previous life could have promised. The lovers overcome their difficulties; and Vaughan, taught the lessons of patience, and his Catherine, animated with the loftiest spirit of fondness and feeling, are happy.

We have not indulged ourselves in any minute account of the merits of this novel, its purity of thought, its freedom from all vulgarity of conception and language, its various description, or its accurate and animated picturing of character. Those we leave for the reader's discovery, and for his pleasure.

#### BELL'S OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY.

We went so much at length into the merits of this pleasing volume last week, that we are the better able to shorten our notice of it now without injustice, to make room for the new and important publications which have since grown upon us. Still, we cannot help adducing a few farther instances of the author's abilities, whether in general description or particular criticism. Bologna is a city of rare attractions.

"In the architecture of the colonnades," says Mr. Bell, "which offer so delightful a shade to the passenger, we may occasionally observe a whimsical indulgence of fancy, displaying capitals in every variety of form, with a studious endeavour that each should differ from the other; but the prevailing taste is chaste and good. Brick is much used in the buildings of this city; and in such climates it wears well, affording a fine quality of surface to receive the plaster, which is the preparation for fresco-painting is very important. The bricks for the pillars are cast in moulds, so that each forms a segment of a circle, and several compose the shaft of the pillar. The floors of the arcades are paved either with flag-stones nicely prepared, or smoothly laid with brick. Some of the arcades (especially those leading from the theatre) are so broad, as easily to admit of ten or twelve persons walking abreast.

"Many of the arches, as also the interior of the colonnades, are painted in fresco, some of which, executed in a most masterly style, are in the highest preservation. The custom of employing artists to paint the outside of buildings is very singular. How strange it seems to us, to imagine Procaccini, Guido, Caracci, &c., standing on a scaffold to ornament the house of perhaps the most ordinary individual!

"The front of the ancient palace, in which the courts of justice are held, was once adorned by the most exquisite designs, in fresco, of the two last-mentioned artists, who, on this occasion are said to have laboured to excel each other.

"The possessions of this city (the school and birth-place of the Caracci, of Dominichino, Guido, and Albano,) in paintings of public and private property, are incalculable. Of late the latter has been considerably diminished by extensive sales, but the public collection contained

in the Gallery of the Institute, may be regarded as being one of the finest in Europe."

From the account of these treasures we select the remarks upon one or two:—

"God the Father, by Guercino, formerly belonging to the church of Jesus and Maria. The Almighty is represented with the left hand resting on the globe, the right being raised in the clouds, and the Holy Spirit seen hovering over his head. The countenance is that of an old man, having a long beard and grey hairs; the figure is enveloped in the folds of a rich Cardinal's cloak, while on his brow an expression of anxious thought is seated, wrinkling the forehead with deep lines of care, as if meditating with perplexity on the world he had created. The circumstance of Guercino's having executed this picture in one night by the light of lambeaux, seems to be perfectly ascertained; but it is difficult not to regret that the artist had chosen for proof of his celebrity a task so difficult, or, I ought rather to say, impossible, as that of representing the Eternal Father."

"The superb picture of the Murder of the Innocents, by Poussin. A most powerful piece, and composed with wonderful effect and skill. The figures are of the full size of life; the terror, dismay, and wildness of the different groups, are admirably portrayed, and, notwithstanding the violence of the action, each head is beautiful as that of an angel; the naked ruffians, with their uplifted daggers, and scurilous hands stained with blood, are drawn in the finest style, and with all this energy of pitiless soldiers inured to such deeds. The outcry of one mother, dragged by her scarf and hair, and held by one of these men till he reaches her child; the pale dishevelled aspect of another, breathless with terror, fainting, and delayed in her flight from agitation; the despair and agony of a third beyond these, who sits wringing her hands over her slaughtered babes; the touch of madness pictured on the face of a fourth, which is uplifted with an indescribable expression of the utmost agony; the murdered babes filling the lower corner of the picture, lying on the blood-stained marble, so pale, so huddled together, so lifeless, yet so lovely and innocent in death, present an historical picture, perhaps the most domestic and touching that was ever painted. The broad shadows, the correctness, roundness, and simplicity of drawing in the whole, are inconceivably striking, the colour consistent and harmonious, no one point overlaboured, yet no effect neglected."

The remarks upon Florence enter still more into detail, and place that superb city almost before our eyes; but we can only find room for a short addition to our former extracts. While wandering through the streets, enjoying all the melancholy beauty of an Italian moonlight, when the busy hum of man had ceased, the author goes on to say:

"Traversing the great centre of the city, along streets darkened from the height of the buildings, I paced along these immense edifices with strange feelings of solitude, as if in a dream, as if the gay and peopled world had vanished, and these gloomy mementos of the past alone remained. It was night, and in this distant spot not a soul was stirring, not a foot was heard, when, on crossing a narrow alley, the prospect suddenly opened, and the slanting rays of the full moon, falling with a softened light among the magnificent monuments of ancient times, displayed a splendid scene."

"At that moment the tower bell of the prison struck loud and long, telling with a slow and swinging motion, seeming, from the effect of reverberation, to cover and fill the whole city; even in day this bell is distinguished from any I

ever heard; but in the dead silence of the night it sounded full and solemn. Impressed by the feelings excited by the grandeur of the scene, I still prolonged my walk, and insensibly wandered on. The silence of night was unbroken, save by an occasional distant sound, arising from the busiest quarter of the city, or from time to time by the song of the nightingale, which reached me from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the wall of Florence, recalling to my mind the voice of that sweet bird, as I heard it when detained in the narrow valley of the gloomy Arco. I remember how its little song thrilled through the long melancholy of the night, a lengthened oft-repeated note, which still came floating on the air like a light sleep. Involved in these musings of lulled and idle thought, I suddenly beheld in the distance, issuing from the portals of a large edifice, forms invested in black, bearing torches, which, casting a deepened shadow around, rendered their dark figures only dimly visible. Still increasing in numbers, as they emerged from the building, they advanced with almost inaudible steps; gliding along with slow and equal pace, like beings of another world, and recalling to mind all that we had heard or read of Italy, in the dark ages of mystery and superstition. As they approached, low and lengthened tones fell upon the ear; when the mournful chanting of the service of the dead, told their melancholy and sacred office. The flame of the torches, scarcely fanned by the still air, flung a steady light on the bier which they bore, gleaming with partial glare on the glittering ornaments, that, according to the manner of this country, covered the pall."

"I looked with a long fixed gaze on the solemn scene; till, passing on in the distance, it disappeared, leaving a stream of light, which, lost by degrees in the darkness of night seemed like a vision. The images presented to the mind had in them a grand and impressive simplicity, a mild and melancholy repose, which assimilated well with the hopes of a better world. It seemed like a dream, yet was the impression indelible."

"Brethren of the Misericordia.—In this procession I recognised the sacred office of the Brothers of Misericordia, one of the earliest institutions of priestly charity; and perhaps the only national trait of ancient Florence which now remains. The principles of this order are founded on the basis of universal benevolence. A pure and primitive simplicity marks every feature and act of this fraternity, who, in silence and in solitude, fulfil their sacred and unostentatious offices. The gloom with which their solemn duties invest them, receives new and mournful impressions, from the tradition which connects its origin with the history of the great plague in 1348; celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. They relate that many portentous omens predicted this awful visitation. A dead crow fell from the air, and three boys, at whose feet it had dropped, tossed it towards each other in play. These three boys died, and soon after the plague broke out, and in its fearful ravages desolated the city. During its continuance, a few individuals, firm in purpose and strong in piety, self-devoted, attended on the sick and dying, and the survivors of these chosen few, afterwards taking the monastic habits and order of Brothers of Misericordia, assumed for life the performance of those services which in the hour of anguish and sorrow they had voluntarily fulfilled. Their small church is situated close to the Duomo, the House of God; but all is sad and solemn in the aspect of this institution. It was built shortly after the plague, and was raised on the margin of the gulph dug to receive the dead."

A black dress, in which the brethren are attired from head to foot, entirely covers the person and conceals the face. The brother, whether of noble or of lowly birth, is equally undistinguished and unknown, and their duties are performed, and charities dispensed, to the noble or the beggar, with the same indiscriminating ceremonies."

"A few tapers on the altar, and at the shrine of the Virgin, burn night and day, throwing a dim and feeble light around. Six of the brethren watch continually; and medical aid is always in readiness. Divine worship is performed by them in the morning and in the evening, assisted by those individuals whom pity or sorrow may have brought to mingle among them. On the floor are arranged tiers, palls, torches, and dresses. The sick are taken to the hospitals, the dead are conveyed to their last home, and the unclaimed brought to their church on a bier, covered by a pall. They are summoned to their duties by the solemn tolling of their deep-toned bell, which, when heard in the dead and silent hour of the night, falls on the ear with dismal and appalling sound. Another office of the Brethren of the Misericordia is to visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. Once a year, on Good Friday, this duty is publicly performed. Twelve brethren of the order, and twelve penitents, form the procession, bearing the head of St. John on a car, and the image of a dead Christ, covered with black crape. The procession is preceded by solemn music, and closed by a long train of priests clothed in black."

"In this institution the numbers are unlimited, forming a wide-extended circle, which may embrace members from every city, acknowledging the same faith, bound by one uniting, but secret and mysterious tie. They are not of necessity individually known to each other, but can render themselves intelligible by certain signs and words, in any circumstances requiring communication. Their vow enjoins them to be ready, night or day, at the call of sudden calamity—to attend those overtaken by sickness, accident, or assault. A certain number of them are in rotation employed in asking charity, a service which they are obliged to perform barefooted, and in a silent appeal, the rules strictly forbidding the use of speech when engaged in any duty. Their call is never left unanswered, every individual making an offering, were it only of the smallest copper piece, as it is money supposed to be lent to pray for departed souls. This peculiar order, for there are others not greatly dissimilar, possesses a privilege of great magnitude, extended only once in every year, and to one single person. An individual of their body becoming amenable to the laws of his country, in virtue of this privilege, may claim exemption from the penalty, receiving his life at the prayer of his brethren. This ceremony, when it occurs, is performed with every circumstance of pomp and solemnity. The order, habited in the dress of the ancient priests, carry branches of palm in token of peace, and, accompanied by all the imposing grandeur of the church, present themselves in front of the palace of the Grand Duke, when the Sovereign Prince condescends to deliver the act of grace. They next proceed to the President of the Tribunal of Supreme Power. This officer, in person, leads the way, conducting them to the prison, into which they enter, and there receiving their liberated brother, they invest him in the dress of their order, and, crowning him with laurel, conduct him home in triumph."

"No fixed period is enjoined for the fulfilment of the vow taken by this order. Many in the highest sphere have sought expiation of sins by assuming it for a longer or shorter time, proportioned to the measure of their crime, or to the



sensitive state of their consciences. Princes, Cardinals, and even Popes, have been numbered among their penitents, and have joined in their rows and services."

Of Rome we shall not speak, nor of Mr. Bell's fine speculations upon its general aspect—his poetical feelings—his admirable observations on its most precious works of art. His taste and knowledge are equally as conspicuous here, as elsewhere.

There is, however, one paragraph which we cannot retain from our readers, as it relates to a curious subject, and is of great weight, as coming from so perfect an anatomist. We give it without abridgement.

"In the anatomical school of Pavia I remarked a singular circumstance, and one which very much excited my attention: I saw four or five skulls belonging to that unfortunate race of beings denominated Cretins, the idiots of the Savoyard mountains. On examination of these skulls, I found them to be wonderfully thick, and all of them depressed at the great occipital hole, as if the head, being too heavy, had pressed too hard upon the *os occipitale*; the skulls are, at the same time, extremely large, and the whole head and bone have this most unusual thickness. On careful inquiry, I found that these symptoms constantly prevailed, never failing to appear the same in every particular. Inasmuch, therefore, as regards the Cretins being idiots, the cause is explained, although I have never, upon any occasion, heard of this circumstance being noticed."

We now take leave of this work, which meets with our highest approbation. We may be allowed to add, that it seems to have been one of the author's most earnest wishes; if possible, to render his labours useful as a book of reference to the young and inexperienced traveller, or, perhaps, to such as could not command much leisure for investigation, by pointing out some of the objects of the arts in Italy most worthy of notice; it also, in a degree, to free him from the trammels of a guide, or mere guide-book. In this, he has been eminently successful; and his work is thereby rendered particularly valuable.

#### GRAY'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA. (Continued.)

On the 15th of March, after his long and painful inactivity, Major Gray was at last able to proceed; and took his route through Galam, (at first up the Senegal) for Kaarta. The Kaartan force which he accompanied, had made one hundred and seven prisoners, chiefly women and children, in a predatory excursion into Bondoo.

"The men were tied in pairs by the necks, their hands secured behind their backs; the women by the necks only, but their hands were not left free, from any sense of feeling for them, but in order to enable them to balance the immense loads of pangs, corn or rice, which they were forced to carry on their heads, and the children (who were unable to walk or sit on horseback behind their captors) on their backs."

"I had an opportunity," adds our author, "of witnessing during this short march the new-made slaves, and the sufferings to which they are subjected in their first state of bondage. They were hurried along (tied as I before stated) at a pace little short of running, to enable them to keep up with the horsemen, who drove them on as Smithfield drovers do fatigued bullocks. Many of the women were old, and by no means able to endure such treatment. One in particular would not have failed to excite the tenderest feelings of compassion in the breast of any, save a savage African; she was at least sixty years old, in the

most miserable state of emaciation and debility, nearly doubled together, and with difficulty dragging her tottering limbs along; to crown the heart-rending picture, she was naked, save from her waist to about half way to the knees. All this did not prevent her inhuman captors from making her carry a heavy load of water, while, with a rope about her neck, she drove her before his horse, and, whenever she showed the least inclination to stop, he beat her in the most unmerciful manner with a stick."

"One young woman who had (for the first time) become a mother two days only before she was taken, and whose child, being thought by her captor too young to be worth saving, was thrown by the monster into its burning hut, from which the flames had just obliterated the mother to retreat, suffered so much from the swollen state of her bosom, that her moans might frequently be heard at the distance of some hundred yards, when refusing to go, she implored her fiend-like captor to put an end to her existence; but that would have been too great a sacrifice to humanity, and a few blows with a leathern horse fetter, soon made the wretched creature move again. A man also lay down, and neither blows, entreaties, nor threats of death could induce him to move. He was thrown across a horse, his face down, and with his hands and feet tied together under the animal's chest, was carried along for some distance. This position, however, soon caused difficulty of breathing, and almost suffocation, which would certainly soon have ended his miserable existence had they not placed him in a more easy posture, by allowing him to ride sitting upright; but he was so exhausted that to keep him on the horse, it was necessary to have him supported by a man on each side. Never did I witness (nor indeed did I think it possible that a human being could endure) such tortures as were inflicted on this man."

Modiba, the King of Kaarta, acted as treacherously as his fellows of other nations; and only cajoled the traveller, till he had wrung all he could out of him. He was compelled to retreat, without accomplishing any object worthy of notice. We therefore conclude very briefly.

"Polygamy is carried to a frightful extent in Kaarta. Many private individuals have ten wives, and as many concubines; the princes, for the most part, not less than thirty of each; and Modiba himself is said to have one hundred wives and two hundred concubines; and I verily believe that one-third of the free inhabitants of Kaarta are of the blood royal."

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Corpus Poetarum.* Fasc. I. 8vo. pp. 192. C. Knight.

THIS exceedingly well edited edition of the Latin Classical Poets merits our highest encomium. In 192 pages, by means of double columns, and close, but neat and distinct printing, we have Catullus, Lucretius, Virgilus, and Tibullus; i. e. the *Carmina* of the first, 116 in number; the *De rerum Natura* of the second, six books, or about 8000 lines; the *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid* of the third; and the commencement of the *Carmina* of the fourth. When we add that the text is most scholarlike, and that we have all this text for three half-crowns, we need say nothing more in favour of the publication.

*Lochandhu.* 3 vols. Constable, Edinburgh; Harst, Robinson, and Co., London.

WITH all the smugglers, dwarfs, &c. which a close imitation of Guy Mannering and Peveril of the Peak could produce, there is still a considerable degree of interest in this tale. The vignettes of each title page are beautiful, particularly that of the second volume.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

THE travels of Major Denham and Lieutenant Clapperton, noticed in our last, may, we understand, be considered the most important to African geography which have yet been performed. The facts which they have ascertained will go far to change all the features ascribed to the central parts of that continent, and give entirely a new turn to the theories of rivers, &c. as maintained by the most judicious speculators. Indeed the rivers of one season are waterless beds at another; and Niles are lost and found according to the period of dry and wet in this extraordinary country. There seems to be no question that an aggregate of these mountain torrents forms the Egyptian Nile and causes its periodical overflow. The Niger, so long sought, may be sought no longer as discharging itself into any sea: it loses itself in the interior. The great freshwater lake, which exists here, is sometimes more than seventy miles in length: our intrepid countrymen were prevented by circumstances from making its circuit, but they saw much of its southern coast.

It is remarkable, that the powerful kingdom which they visited had never been heard of by any European. The king and the natives were equally ignorant of the existence of such a kingdom as Great Britain, though its manufactures were in use among them. This is the more to be wondered at, as caravans with merchandise pass continually between them and the coast; and it appears to be one of the easiest things imaginable for a stranger to accompany such a body from the coast to the interior. We presume that the natives upon the sea-belt are the most hostile and barbarous, and that they prevent Europeans from penetrating into the country, where the people are far more civilized and settled in their government, and abundantly supplied with necessities. Thus Major D. and his fellow-traveller were treated courteously, and well fed with provisions of the best kind. The inhabitants are of Arabian origin, and olive-coloured: not negroes as has generally been supposed.

GARDENING REPORT, AND CALENDAR FOR JUNE. THE weather, during the greater part of May, has not been of the most favorable description for the gardeners—rather cold, and too much drying wind; that is, wind from the north and east. Blights, as they are called, that is, insects and their effects, have disfigured themselves. The worm or larva of some species of moth or sawfly, annually cuts off a number of apple-blossoms just below the corymb; the present season has been more than usually obnoxious to this "worm in the bud," against which, there is no remedy; and even no preventive, unless means could be taken to prevent the parent insect from depositing its eggs (which it probably does with the saw-like process in its tail) the preceding summer. Peach trees are in many places much injured by a glutinous exudation or deposition, accompanied by black and white aphides. The aphides may be killed by watering with strong lime water, or tobacco juice, but the wrinkled leaves and the glutinous matter remain, and prevent the tree from making its usual proportion of healthy young wood. The best gardeners are puzzled in a case of this kind; some pick off the leaves, others only destroy the insects, and allow the leaves to remain, cutting out the shoots clothed with such leaves in the end of June, and trusting to July and August for a supply of healthy wood. If the autumn is warm, and this second wood ripens, this plan is the best; if otherwise, it is better to make the most of the shoots with the wrinkled leaves, cutting them well in at the winter's pruning, and trusting to next year for better health and vigorous shoots.

The shops may also be washed after pruning, with a mixture of soft soap, sulphur, and black pepper, by way of destroying the autumn laid eggs; but eggs and seeds are not so easily destroyed, as the living things into which they change.

We have to notice as magnificent shrubs and trees, now or lately in flower, *Magnolia Thompsoniana*, at Thomson's nursery, Mile-end, splendid and fragrant; many beautiful varieties of *Rhododendron Ponticum*, of *Azalea*, *Andromeda*, *Vaccinium*, and *Kalmia* there. *Magnolia Macrophylla*, at the Duke of Devonshire's, Chiswick, for the first or second time. Scotch Roses in Lee's nursery, and Scotch Laburnums at Kew, and a few places. The Scotch Laburnum is a distinct species, with much larger and darker leaves and blossoms, and the latter coming in a fortnight later than those of the common Laburnum.

The operations for June are chiefly of the superfine kind: this is the worst month in the year for insects of all kinds, and also for seedling weeds. Next month, and even great part of this, there is too much light and heat, in proportion to the moisture, for the process of germination to go forward; the gardener therefore, gets some repose during July, August and September, and has time to gather his fruits. If he has crops to raise from seed, he must water, or cover the ground with a mat, to produce shade, and retain moisture, and comparative exclusion of air.

Finish cutting out greenhouse plants early in the month, and then get the tender annuals and some of the hothouse plants set on the stage. Take Read's tobacco syringe, and go round the Miners and other roses, both out and in doors, every morning, and smoke off the aphides now in myriads. Smoke is better at this season, than any watery mixture, as the latter disfigures the trees.

Sow peas, lettuce, spinach, turnips, and similar crops for succession, every ten days, or a fortnight: half the gardener's art is never to run out of any standard culinary article of his produce.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, June 10.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident under-graduate, was yesterday adjudged to E. G. L. Bulwar, Esq., fellow commoner of Trinity hall. Subject, "Sculpture."

The Regius Professorship of Botany being vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Martyn, B.D., three candidates have announced themselves for the office, viz.—The Rev. J. S. Henslow, M.A., of St. John's college, Professor of Mineralogy; the Rev. W. L. P. Garmons, B.D., fellow of Sidney college; and the Rev. Wm. Pulling, M.A., of Sidney college.

OXFORD, June 13.—Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. R. Whately, principal of St. Alban hall.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. E. Williams, Jesus college, grand compounder; Rev. R. J. Stashin, St. John's college; Rev. J. T. Flesher, Lincoln college; Rev. Peter French, Queen's college; Rev. T. Erk, St. Edmund hall; Rev. D. F. Markham, Christ church; Rev. W. Thackeray, Brasenose college; W. R. Churton, fellow; Rev. J. Parker, and Rev. C. J. F. Clinton, Oriel college; Rev. J. Follott, Rev. E. Hawkins, and Rev. W. W. Gale, Pembroke college; Rev. G. Dandridge, Worcester college.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Hon. H. Anson, Christ church, grand compounder; H. Shaw, Wadham college; H. B. Wilson, fellow of St. John's college; Hon. T. Vesey and E. J. Stanley, Christ church; E. Willes, Brasenose college; W. M. Caldecott, Oriel college; S. Fox and R. B. Plummer, Pembroke college; A. L. Lambert, Trinity college; G. Wells, Magdalen college; R. Chilchester, H. Wintle, and H. Chavasse, Worcester college; J. F. Leighton and J. Wynne, Jesus college; W. D. Dick, Exeter college.

On Wednesday last the election of the first

Professor of Political Economy on the foundation of Henry Drummond, Esq., took place, when Nassau William Senior, Esq., M. A., late fellow of Magdalen college, and Barrister-at-Law, was unanimously chosen.

Yesterday, in full convocation, the University Seal was affixed to Petitions to the House of Commons, for leave to bring in a Bill authorising the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the several Colleges and Halls therein, to raise money by Mortgage of their Possessions, for defraying the expense of buildings for the accommodation of an increased number of students.

#### ASIATIC LITERATURE.

A notice, by M. Jaubert, of a Turkish manuscript, in Ougour characters, sent by M. von Hammer to M. Abel Rémusat, which notice was read at the sitting of the Asiatic Society of Paris, on the 3d of January last, has been published. The manuscript consists of 93 leaves of paper made of cotton. The writing is not so beautiful as that of the manuscript in the king's library at Paris, from which M. Jaubert made the extracts at the end of his Turkish grammar. With the exception of the preface and the table of contents, the work is written entirely in Turkish verse, but it must be observed, by the way, that this Turkish, mingled with Arabic and Persian, materially differs from that which is spoken at Constantinople, and in the European provinces of the Ottoman empire. Two prefaces, the one in verse, the other in prose, contain a recapitulation of the titles by which the work is known in Turkestan. These titles, beautifully written in Ougour characters, are for the most part in the Arabic and Persian languages; a circumstance the more fortunate, as it has rendered practicable the transcription in Turkish and the translation in French of this curious document. Among other titles given to the work, the inhabitants of the Touran (a province on this side the Oxus,) know it by the name of *Kandak-kabulik* (the science of government). The preface (translated by M. Jaubert,) informs us that the work was not composed in the country of Kachgar; but that a king of the Eastern countries made a present of it to the Khan of Badkhehan; and that afterwards the King of Boukhara, having arranged the contents in proper order, directed that it should bear the name of his vizier, Jousouf-Khan-Nedjib.

The work is divided into four principal heads. The first relates to the justice of the empire; the second to its strength; the third to its intelligence; the fourth to its moderation. These four virtues are represented by four allegorical personages. Justice, or the rising sun, is described under the name of *Eilek*, or the king; strength, or the full moon, under that of *Orkhourmich*, or the vizier; intelligence, under the name of *Okhtoulmich*, a son of the vizier; and moderation, under that of *Otkhourmich*, another son of the vizier. The preface, which gives a pretty accurate notion of the nature of the work, shows that it is not a book of divination, which the first words inscribed on the margin of the volume would seem to indicate; but rather a moral treatise, of the kind of that of Ferid-edden-Attar, so learnedly translated and commented upon by M. de Sacy. In this notice, M. Jaubert introduces a sufficiently extensive analysis of the twelve first chapters; a list of Ougour words extracted from the manuscript (and which are for the most part explained in Persian); and some elucidations with respect to the date of the work (1069 after Christ), and of its transcription. He concludes with the following results:—"First, that at the eleventh century of our era the language; or rather one of the languages, spoken and

written in Boukhara, was Turkish, mingled with Arabic, Persian, and other unknown tongues; secondly, that this language was written in Ougour characters; thirdly, that in the fifteenth century, shortly after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II., Ougour manuscripts were carried into that capital, where, it appears, there were persons competent to decipher them; fourthly, that the manuscript communicated by M. von Hammer was transcribed in the same town (Boukhara), and, only three years after, the manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris; fifthly and lastly, that the epoch at which the Haoudakou seems to have been composed, being one of those respecting which the fewest original historical documents are in existence, this manuscript is a literary *monceau*, worthy of exciting the curiosity and exercising the patience of scholars."

This notice of M. Jaubert's is of a nature equally interesting to philologists, to the students of literature, and to geographers: it establishes for the latter the country and the Turkish extraction of the Ougours—a people whose existence and origin have been disputed.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Council have found it expedient to disunite the two offices held by the late Mr. Fuseli, contrary to the provisions of their charter. Mr. Thompson has been, as we formerly mentioned he would be, elected keeper, and Mr. Phillips, professor of perspective. Both choices must meet the public approbation, a deed, by the by, which the Royal Academy does not often seem desirous of securing.

##### ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS.\*

On looking over the Designs in Architecture, (which are but few in number this year,) and the list of the exhibitors in this class of art, we miss many names which we had been accustomed to see in the catalogues of former years: we should regret their absence, if we did not entertain a hope that they are so far otherwise professionally employed, as to have been prevented, by that circumstance, from contributing their usual annual share towards the gratification of the visitors of this institution; yet when so many public buildings are either in preparation or in progress, we are surprised that there are so few drawings exhibited, which can furnish information respecting them. The following subjects, amongst others in the Library, deserve notice.

877. Perspective View of a Design for a Cast-Iron Bridge, proposed to be erected at Kingston in Surrey, &c. J. B. Watson.—This design, if carried into execution, would be, in our opinion, a very useful, and at the same time, an elegant improvement of the communication between the two counties of Middlesex and Surrey, which is at present inconveniently kept up by the bad wooden bridge at Kingston; and we are persuaded that the directors of the proposed bridge, and the public, would be satisfied with the breadth and beauty of the architectural features which it would exhibit, so far as those qualities can be produced by the incongruous mixture of stone and iron, in a work so much exposed to public view. We understand, that the first stone of a new bridge at that place is to be laid very soon, but we have not had an opportunity of ascertaining if this is the design that is to be acted upon. The drawing is hung too high to admit of its details being minutely examined.

\* We devote, as is our annual custom, one paper of our series on the Exhibition, to a critique on the Architectural Designs; and it is with pleasure that we can refer the present to the same enlightened pen to which we were last year indebted. The knowledge of the subject, and the advice inculcated, are worthy of attention, especially from professional readers.—Ed.



878. View of a Design for a Building proposed to be erected, by Shares, in a central part of the metropolis, for the annual and public meetings of various institutions. *J. Wallis*.—This is a chaste and very beautiful design, and exhibits much taste throughout the greater part of it; but we wish that the architect had been rather more attentive to correctness in the returned front, as the variety in the spaces between the ante injures the unity and simplicity of this composition.

879. View in the South Peristyle of the Temple of Neptune, at Paestum, taken in May, 1824. *J. Jenkins*.—Strictly speaking, this subject comes under the class of painting, rather than that of architecture; with this view of it, which we believe to be correct, we will, however, observe, that we consider it to be a work deserving the attention of the visitors of the exhibition, as it is executed in a rich and beautiful style, with the exception, that it wants a little more mellowness, and that the colour of the stone is represented much warmer than that of the original building.

882. Design for a Triumphant Bridge. *J. Savage*.—The arches and piers of this subject are designed with much purity and effect, and there is an air of magnificence extended over the whole of it; but it may, perhaps, be observed, that the general outline of the composition is too much broken, and its masses want the combination necessary to produce that degree of breadth which is one of the great constituents of sublimity in architecture.

883. One of the Interior Courts of a Design for a Palace, exhibited in 1824, viewed from the Audience Chamber: supposed to be built in Hyde Park, the nearest and most salubrious Spot about the Metropolis, &c. *J. Gandy, A.*—This composition unites, with the usual beautiful style of picturesque execution always evident in the works of this artist, an infinite capriciousness of design. We must not only condemn the introduction of Persians or Caryatides in the same picture with the columns of the Doric, or indeed of any other order of Grecian architecture, but we think it a departure from the principles of good taste to employ statues, in the habit of captives or slaves, as the general supporters of a building intended for the residence of a sovereign at the head of a free government. We are afraid the artist was seeking the means of producing, what to him appeared to be an agreeable effect, instead of selecting such architectural and sculptured forms as would have been best suited to his subject. Mr. G. has had our approbation during so many years, for the imagination, the fertile invention, and the beauty frequently shown in his architectural compositions, that we regret to use a word of censure on this occasion, and to make these observations on the want of chasteness of design in this work.

888. Perspective View of a Design for a Church of Grecian Architecture. *S. Staples, Jun.*—There are much excellence and grandeur shown in this subject.

891. Two Views of a Cottage to be built in Hertfordshire, with the Gate, Lodges, Dairy, and Dog Kennel. *T. F. Hunt*.—These are very pleasing compositions; but the term "cottage" is rather too humble a designation for the dwelling-house, or, in other words, the decorations of its fronts are too important for a cottage, and do not agree with the thatched roofs. The offices are designed with good taste.

902. A Groupe of Churches, to illustrate different styles of Architecture. *J. Soane, R. A.*—We believe one of the churches, the design of which is here represented, is that built at Walworth by this architect; and, that another of these designs is intended to be carried into effect

by him in the parish of Saint Mary-le-bone. This drawing, as a work of art, is finely executed, but the designs, in the Anglo-Norman and later manners of the middle ages, are inferior, in our opinion, to those composed in the more ancient styles of architecture. We think Mr. S. has not been eminently successful in the facades of the church which he has erected at Walworth, from a want of boldness in the features of them, sufficient to produce a richer *chiaro scuro*.

903. Design for a Sepulchral Church and Mausoleum. *By the same*.—This appears to be an excellent study, and of a just character: perhaps the placing of a column on the very quoin of a building, which is quite a novelty, produces an appearance of weakness, and, therefore, may be objectionable.

913. View of a Design for a Part of the Exterior of a Public Building. *By the same*.

923. View of Part of a Public Building now erecting. *By the same*.—These, probably, are designs for the new building in progress opposite to Whitehall, for the Office of the Board of Trade, and other government offices, and which, if carried fully into effect, will be amongst the most extensive public edifices in London. The order of architecture chosen for the part which is now erecting, is similar to the order of the remains of that building at Rome, usually called the Temple of Jupiter Stator; it is highly enriched, and must afford the architect a great gratification to have been allowed to introduce all the decorations of this example into his subject. Perhaps it would be premature to offer an opinion on so important a work, before more of it is fairly brought before the public eye; at present, therefore, we will only observe, that we think the building wants height, the more especially as it is almost immediately opposed to the majestic mass of the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

921. The Hall of Christ's Hospital, London, now building from the design, and under the direction, of Mr. J. Shaw. *J. Shaw, Jun.*—This is a very judicious and excellent example of a composition for the front of a large hall, in the style of architecture of the Tudor period.

924. General View of Brunswick Square and adjacent buildings, now erecting on the estates of the Rev. T. Scutt and T. R. Kemp, Esq. M.P. on the West Cliff, Brighton. *Bussy & Wilds*.—The principal facade seems to be in a good style for domestic architecture; if the whole of these buildings, and those mentioned in No. 914, should be erected, they will contribute very much to the embellishment of the town and vicinity of Brighton.

927. Design for a Cenotaph to the Memory of the late Lord Byron. *E. W. Trendall*.—A very excellent composition, designed with much taste and attention to simplicity.

931. Stobars, Westmorland, now erecting. *G. H. Smith*.—This is a pleasing and simple design, in the castellated style of domestic architecture; but we approve of it so far only, as it is connected with a species of composition, which we consider foreign to our present manners.

945. Design for the New Dining Hall of the Worshipful Company of Salters, as selected by the Court of Assistants in the public competition. *J. C. Mead*.—This appears to be a design of considerable merit.

951. Section of a Design for the Vestibule Approach in the Mansion of a Military Officer. *J. Thompson*.—The boudoirs or cabinets in this subject are designed with a great degree of taste. In this instance, the placing of Caryatides, considered as captives, in the hall of a military officer, putting the vain glory implied by that circumstance out of the question, is in character with his profession, and is so far free from objection.

952. North-West View of the New Church at Brixton, consecrated June 21, 1824. *C. Porden*.—The new church at Brixton exhibits throughout a very excellent and correct taste, on the part of the architect; the whole of it has been studied with such great care and felicity, that we are very desirous of directing public attention towards it. The portico is a very good example of the doric order; and the whole structure might enter into a very successful competition with any of the other characters which have been recently erected, under the direction of the commissioners in or near to London.

973. The Ebony Room at Frognall Priory, showing the superb state bedstead, &c. of fine ebony, ivory, and tortoiseshell, formerly Cardinal Wolsey's. *J. Kemphead*.—This is a valuable drawing in the estimation of an antiquary, as it contains good examples of the magnificent household furniture of our ancestors at a period of our history on which we are accustomed to dwell with interest.

975. Elevation of the New Buildings of King's College, now erecting at Cambridge. 976. View of the Gateway and New Buildings of King's College, now erecting at Cambridge. *W. Wilkins, M. A. A.*—These are parts of the same design, of which other portions were exhibited last year by the same architect, and on which we then made some remarks. They show much invention and skill, and the drawings are remarkable instances of careful and elaborate execution. It is difficult to apply the rules of architectural composition in judging of designs in this style, and, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to observing further, that there is an agreeable variety in the general outlines and forms, which altogether produces a pleasing effect.

#### NORTHERN SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, &c.

We observe, from several long notices in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, that this Society flourishes in every department; and that the present annual exhibition is one of uncommon merit and interest. It consists of the works of living artists; and boasts of contributions from almost every high name in our National School. Sir Thomas Lawrence's Satan calling up his Legions is among the pictures mentioned. We observe, also, Fuseli's Macbeth contemplating the armed Head, some fine landscapes by Turner, Danby's Enchanted Island, Righter's School in an Uproar and School in Repose, and many other excellent productions. The Exhibition has been daily thronged; and it is stated, as a sterling proof of its utility, that within one week of its opening forty-two paintings had been purchased by amateurs, at the cost of 800*l*. Mr. Schwanfelder, in landscape, and Mr. W. Robinson, in portrait, are praised as provincial artists of conspicuous talent. It is gratifying to find the love of the Fine Arts extending, and assuming a local habitation in our important commercial towns.

No. 1. *Specimens of Ancient Decorations from Pompeii*. By John Goddard Arch. &c. &c. Imperial 8vo. London, 1825. Rodwell and Martin.

This publication, which promises to be completed in four parts, is a valuable appendix to Sir W. Gell and J. P. Gandy's *Pompeii*. It is well calculated to correct the erroneous notion which prevailed relative to the interior architecture and ornaments of the ancients; and may at the same time suggest ideas on these subjects to modern art. The plates are engraved by Finden and finely coloured.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS—FIFTH SERIES.

Gleanings of poetry, if I may give  
That name of passion, beauty, and of grace,  
To visions like these, oh! if not sweet  
To others, yet how very sweet to me.  
Fancies that gather in the silent hour,  
When I have watched the stars write on the sky  
In characters of light; have seen the moon  
Come like a veiled beauty from the east,  
While, like a hymn, the wind swelled on mine ear,  
Telling soft tidings of the rose; or when  
My heart has drunk sweet music, whose low tones  
Were as Love's own; when I have closed some page,  
Whose tale made sorrows lowlier than smiles,  
And imaged to myself all phantasies  
That wait on love; thought on its many griefs,  
Seen jealous and forsaken, slighted, wronged,  
Until almost each mood became mine own;—  
Or when, before the painter's glorious works,  
I have bowed down in my idolatry:  
These are the thoughts to which my soul has turned,  
When cold neglect or scorn have wronged or scorched.  
Oh, these are moments when my heart has dreamed  
Of things which cannot be—the bright, the pure,  
That all of which my heart can only dream.  
And I have mused upon my gift of song,  
And deeply felt its briny, and disdained  
The pettiness of praise to which, at times,  
My soul has bowed; and I have scorned myself  
For that my cheek could burn; my heart could beat  
At idle words. And yet, it is in vain.  
For the full heart to press back every pulse  
Wholly upon itself. Aye, fair as are  
The dreams that bless a poet's solitude:  
There must be something more for happiness—  
They seek communion. But, no more of this.  
Yet such wild swatches of my fate belong  
To hours like these, when that impassioned thoughts  
Glance o'er my spirits—thoughts that are like Light,  
Or Love, or Hope, in their effects.

My heart is as a grave,  
Where Hope and Love lie sleeping;  
With its dark thoughts like cypress,  
Watching and weeping.  
Yet, flowers are on that grave,  
Albeit and they be;  
And hidden treasures in it,  
Sweet memories of these.

My heart is as a gem,  
Sollied and broken,  
But bearing signs that make it still  
A precious token.  
Thy image has been there;  
Nothing can quite efface  
The beauty of the spot  
Which has been thy resting place:  
As that garden of the East,  
In itself no longer fair,  
Has yet perfume on its beds,  
For the rose has once bloomed there.

Now for the gay, the cold, the free,  
To suit mine altered mood—  
Oh, any thing but thoughts of thee,  
Or aught but solitude.

And surely, amid mirth and light,  
My spirit back may fling  
The clouds before its upward flight,  
The weight upon its wing.

For the first time I threw aside  
In anger my loved lute;  
When before, ever, had I tried  
My chords, and found them mute.  
I sought the lighted hall, but there  
The spell still on me lay;  
Brightness and song came on the air,  
They drove it not away.

My step lagged in the saraband;  
Unheard, gay words passed by;  
The flowers dropt from my listless hand,  
The tears rushed to mine eye.

A shadow o'er my spirit came;  
It was in vain I strove,  
What was it? My heart nam'd a name:  
I strove no more—'twas Love.

Oh, no, my heart is given  
To other dreams, than those  
Like the first fresh colours  
Upon the early rose.  
They are not dreams of hope;  
For hope has been to me,  
In its pleasure and its pain,  
What again it cannot be.  
My dreams are not of wealth;  
A gold or silver mine,  
Or Oman's bay of pearls,  
Cannot win one wish of mine.

Nor yet are they of fame;  
Too well I know the fate  
That is the high one's lot,  
To be bright and desolate.  
But all my dreams are turned  
To one single star above:  
I name life's most fatal one,  
Name I not that of Love?

Forget thee—I may not forget,  
But yet my heart may turn  
From the shrine of its early god,  
Another faith to learn.

Another altar may be raised,  
Another idol be;  
But can I ever feel for them  
What I have felt for thee?

The covert, who, with opened eyes,  
Has learnt to know the truth;  
Will never memory recall  
His creed of early youth?  
Thus I, altho' I know how false  
The worship that I paid,  
Must still regret the early zeal  
Which truth of falsehood made,

L. E. L.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## The Ballet.

No. V.

## Mauvais Ton.

*Ben Ton* and *Fashion* are not synonymous terms, nor is *mauvais ton* and old fashion, or bad fashion (the literal translation), the same thing. Fashions are continually changing, or rather, they are continually producing and re-producing themselves; the fashion of one time seeming like the great grand-child of that of a former age—for old fashions must come round in their turn, since the human imagination is not (more than any other sublimity existence) infinite. Fashion ought to be the offspring of taste, of which we are told there are two kinds, good and bad; but this is a gross error, bad judgment may exist, but not bad taste, for tastefulness is elegance; fancy may, however, be light, airy, and attractive, or it may be gloomy, mad, and irregular;—fancy and whim being near of kin, thence the question—

"Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?"

When it becomes a whim, its forms are many, and not always pretty; but the fact is, that fashion (depending on fancy) is not always the offspring of taste, but, very often, of interest and of necessity, and it would be difficult to know where such fancy was bred, whether at fancy balls, or the Five's Court of the *Fancy* (the greatest possible contrast); and the truth may come out, on inquiry, that fashion and fancy are bred to many, from those who live upon the world by their gay external appearance, ladies to be married, dandies, dangles, dancers, dilders, and courtisans. Fashions, therefore, may alter rapidly, but *ben ton* and *mauvais ton* cannot, although the acceptation of the term varies with different persons and classes. This, however, is but the misapprehension

of *ben ton* or *mauvais ton*—the cantering shopman, on his Sunday's hired horse, playing off the Exquisite, and making the most of his jaded lack,

"Anxious, yet fearful too, his steed to show,  
The back'd Bosphorus of Botten-row;  
While his left heel, insidiously aided,  
Provokes that caper which he seems to chide."

thinks that he is one of *ben ton*; and so does the spruce haberdasher, with his high-dressed spouse, and troublesome brat, crammed in a tiburby, gig, or dennet; he conceives, most certainly, that

"Ben ton's betwixt the Saturday and Monday,  
Hiding out in one horse choy on a Sunday;

whereas nothing can be more *mauvais ton*. As short a way as any to ascertain what *ben ton* is, will be to discover the nature of *mauvais ton*, since the former must be the reverse of the latter; but here we must guard against misrepresentation and affectation, which have crept into the extrinsic *ton* of our dandies of the day; a few of their instances of *ben ton*, by avoiding *mauvais ton*, are as follows—but the truth is far off with these:

It is *mauvais ton* to speak intelligibly; a flap, a drawl, and a half whisper being monstrous agreeable: it is *mauvais ton* sincerely to admire a female, to be struck with her charms, or fascinated with her amiable deportment; but to observe that such a one is a decent looking concern, a smartish girl, a well-though looking article, very passable, or the like, being more consequential: it is *mauvais ton* to be complaisant, to dance or sing cheerfully, readily, and when first called upon, it being more stylish to demand to see the partner before consent is given, and to desire that "She may be treated up," as also to have an aversion for dancing; to be tired, lame, lazy, and to prefer quizzing and staring ladies out of countenance, with or without a glass; when asked to sing, cough, and dandification may be pleaded to enhance the favour: it is *mauvais ton* to be affected at a tragedy, at poetry, or at the misfortunes of fellow creatures, a well-bred indifference and apathy being the order of the day; to collect the prevailing quality: it is *mauvais ton* to receive a friend with warmth, to shake hands with him cordially; a studied smile will answer the first purpose, a finger or two will be *hands* for the second: it is *mauvais ton* to be very kind and attentive to women, first, because it makes them think too much of themselves, and next, because it is too great a condescension to bestow exclusive attentions which are so valuable when rare, and for which may be substituted fiddle faddle, chat chat, half compliments interlarded with self-praise, trifling, conceited flirting, a little levity of conduct and conversation, and a great deal of impudence and pride (we speak of men only): it is *mauvais ton* to laugh honestly and heartily, because honesty itself is *mauvais ton*, and the heart is never engaged in the present intercourse of society, much at variance with social intercourse, and because a hearty laugh convulses the features made up for the night, shakes the curl out of the hair, and may break a stay-lace of lady or gentleman; a grin or a smile of contempt will answer all the ends proposed: it is *mauvais ton* to take more than two spoonfuls of soup, or to be helped to any thing more than once, as also to do more than barely taste vegetables, they being by no means advantageous to the shape, and having other bad qualities; for instance, peas are insalubrious, potatoes, turnips, and carrots are vulgar, onions ruin the breath; cauliflower, &c. &c. must be eaten with melted butter, and salad requires oil and vinegar—now these concomitants may adhere to a dandy's mustachios, and thus disfigure him, or attach themselves to his whiskers which meet the corners of his mouth, and the application of a serviette might change the colour of the hair, from black or brown, to grey, first



red, white, or bay-colour; from a lady it might take the bloom off the plum, although a lady with a sterling plum may be any colour she pleases: two or three heads of asparagus may be taken to show off a fine hand and ring, or half a dozen peas may be administered to dear self with a silver or gilt French fork; but no more upon any account whatever. It is *mauvais ton* to be in time for dinner, to keep engagements punctually, to pay debts regularly, or to be pleased with any thing beyond an air of patronage, of sufferance, or of half-concealed ridicule. Such are the precepts of the day; nunny and apt are the scholars of the new school; but we pretend that fashion may be taken from a tailor or a fool, a shoemaker or showman, but that the *bon ton* must come from birth, heart and sentiment, mind and education, and that the want of it must be *mauvais ton, mauvais gout, mauvais cœur*; what we should consider as the contrary of *bon ton*, which implies *le ton de la bonne compagnie*, and, ergo, must be *mauvais ton*, is all that is saucy, supercilious, self-sufficient, unkind, unkindness, unfair, repulsive, discouraging, boasting, conceited, or unnatural—all that puts another ill at ease, or that betrays selfishness and a callous heart—all that might abash modesty, deter a stranger's approach, offend a female, or insult an inferior. In our school, we hold it as a fundamental maxim, that

"To teach us to be kind,  
Is nature's first, best lesson to mankind."

In our very first class, our monitor holds out to his pupils that they ought to be emulous in excellency in amenity, peacefulness, and gentle charity; and repeats the old lesson, which never can be either out of fashion nor *du mauvais ton*—namely, that

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather and prunella."  
(Signed, for self and Co.) GOOD NATURE,  
First Counsellor to Good Breeding and Good Sense.

#### DRAMA.

**THE MADONNELLE GARCIA.** Of whom our musical critique on the Philharmonic last Saturday spoke so favourably, made her *début* on the same evening at the King's Theatre. She there fully justified our prognostications, and acquitted herself in a style at once full of promise, of immediate pleasure, and of highly cultivated talent.

#### DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday evening, a new musical entertainment was produced at this theatre, called *The Recluse*. It is taken from the French; but the audience not having thought proper to sanction the theft, we recommend the gentleman who purloined it to return it forthwith to its original owners. To enter into a particular examination of this dull and senseless production would be a waste of time: it will be quite enough for our readers to be told that the incidents were of the most common-place description, the dialogue appropriately insipid, and the catastrophe as hackneyed, as improbable, and as absurd as they could possibly imagine. What, indeed, the translator could have been thinking of when he selected such a piece, or the manager when he accepted it, or the performers when they rehearsed it, we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. If the French stage has been so thoroughly gleamed that it can furnish our theatrical "doers" (authors we cannot call them) with nothing better, they may as well clap their French dictionaries into their pockets, and look out for some more useful and profitable employment. If, however, the piece had possessed any merit we doubt much if it would have acquired any great degree of popularity, as, with the exception of Harley, only an inferior part of the very inferior company now

assembled at this theatre was employed in the cast. Horn and Miss Graddon we admit to be, both of them, agreeable singers; but as far as acting goes, the less we say of them the better. The gentleman, as the *Recluse*, got through, with the assistance of a cowl and a false beard, tolerably well; but the lady, who had occasionally something tender and pathetic to deliver, marred the effect completely by her carelessness and want of feeling. The audience, though almost melted with the heat, were never once softened into pity; but passed sentence upon the whole affair in a very business-like, serious, and determined manner.

#### HAYMARKET.

Liston commenced his engagement here on Wednesday; the performance was *Sweethearts and Wives*, for at least the hundredth night; the house was of course by no means full. Where are the novelties?

Among the dramatic devices, so honest and so prevalent in our day, we see it announced by the bills, that Mr. Kean, who took leave of the stage for years with a voice faltering under the severe pressure of his feelings, and almost bathed in tears, is about to return to Drury Lane, after an absence of two months, to "complete his engagement!" It seems doubtful whether a ruse of another sort has not been played off to attract a bumper for Miss Tree; but we trust, for every reason, that this is not the case. That lady is a sufficient favourite with the public to render any disingenuous proceedings unnecessary; and therefore we hope none have been resorted to.

"In a fixion—  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suing,  
And all for nothing," but a good benefit—  
*See Shakespeare, postum.*

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON: INFANT LYRA.

The world has grown old: it is in its dotage; and, like people in their second childhood, it seems as if the companionship of children were best calculated to amuse and entertain it. We have infants spoiling what little remains of the drama; and infant wonders of as many kinds, kinds, ages, and nations, as there are instruments in music. One urchin is seen fastened to a violin, sawing away like a mouse at a cheese; another is at a piano-forte like a monkey, at a weaver's loom; and here we have a poor tiny girl, of some four or five years of age, sprawling over a harp like a spider over a web! Where is the Member for Galway, that he permits such cruelty? Surely the fiddle is a case for Bow-street; the turning of a prison-key is merited by those who devote their babes to the piano; and the barbarous usage of this unhappy Lyra could not be harped upon too long. Seriously it is a pain to witness so helpless a creature doomed to premature death at the rate of four exhibitions per day, and then to be farmed out to evening parties as a curiosity till past midnight. It is thoughtless, if not heartless, to encourage such cruelty. The poor child plays very prettily, but evidently the exertion is too much; it is "a prodigy," as the bills say; but a prodigy which, after the performance of one slight and easy air, excites only feelings of regret and compassion.

#### POLITICS.

REPEATED rumours of the defeat of the Turkish forces in Greece, have prevailed much of late. At home, the chief news relates to feasting, grand reviews, and laying the first stone of the New London Bridge.

#### VARITIES.

**Fanaticism.**—Count Orloff, in a recent publication descriptive of his travels in the south of France, minutely relates the horrible occurrences that took place in Thoulouse, at the frightful epoch of Saint Bartholomew. Scarcely had the news arrived in that city of the cruel massacre of the Protestants in Paris, when preparations were made even to surpass the capital in barbarity. The members of parliament and the magistrates employed every kind of stratagem to draw into the place the Protestants who were dispersed about the neighbouring country. They were then arrested and confined together in the Conciergerie. At the expiration of three weeks, orders having been received from Paris to that effect, the massacre took place. One morning before sunrise, seven or eight ruffians, armed with axes and cutlasses, entered the Conciergerie, and ordering the prisoners to descend one after the other, butchered them at the foot of the stairs, without giving them time to say a word, or address a prayer to Heaven. The number killed was about three hundred. After having pillaged and stripped the dead bodies, they were exposed in a state of nakedness to the public gaze for two whole days, while large ditches were dug, into which, after having been cruelly mutilated, they were thrown without any covering.

**The Spirits of the Age.**—In a French notice of this work, in which the reviewer, with the usual carelessness (if it be not a more offensive quality) of his countrymen, calls "Wordsworth," "Werdunk," and "Gifford," "Gifford," and mistakes "Eliu," otherwise Mr. Charles Lamb, for the member of parliament of the same name. The book itself is described as principally consisting of caricatures, in which, although there are some features of resemblance to the originals, there is much more of departure from truth.

**The Russell Institution.**—We learn that active measures are in progress to re-organize and improve this literary society. In the meantime the use of the library has been suspended, a list of the proprietors is preparing for publication, and hereafter a more strict enforcement of the rules is contemplated. The rapid increase of building in the vicinity must, it is presumed, operate greatly in favour of this design.

#### POETICAL VARIETIES.

##### Mortality.

As yonder leaf on the pale cold river  
Returns not again, when once gone by;  
So, when we are gone, we pass for ever,  
As a leaf on the stream of eternity!

##### TO —

I ask no oath; nor can I find  
One deep enough to ensue my mind,  
Or e'en thy truth to prove:  
For who'd attempt with chains to bind  
The ocean's billows, or the wind,  
Or fetter woman's love? S. L.

*Extracts from a Letter, dated New York, 13th April, 1825.*—Our Athenaeum has gone on famously. The lectures continued for nearly four months; and we are now so organized that full courses will be yearly given on different subjects of literature, science, and the arts. The courses thus far have been popular. The foundation of a library is made, and we trust to add rapidly to it.

"You will observe by our periodicals, that natural history is eagerly studied, and has many votaries. In New York and Philadelphia, the two great schools, the number of naturalists is constantly increasing.

"Perhaps you have seen mention made in some of our newspapers of a volcano that has lately burst forth in Essex County of this State.

From the various accounts, I cannot ascertain the precise locality; but it is seated within three or four miles of Lake George, to the westward. No lava is stated to have flowed. A slight rumbling noise was followed by an emission of dark smoke from the summit of a mountain; then followed sudden ejections of flames, accompanied by stones of various sizes. In about three days the smoke gradually lessened, and finally nothing was seen to issue. On examining the spot, it is stated that a cavity is left on the summit, with a circumference of about 40 yards, and a depth of—say 80 to 100 feet. Should it prove as asserted you will hear more on the subject. If it is so, it is the first and only volcano discovered in the United States. Our trap-rocks are not of a nature to lead us into any speculations on the existence of former volcanoes in North America; and we are thus happily free from one species of geological controversy as regards our own country.

"The geology of America is becoming every day better understood, and affords us new proofs of the similar position and geological relations of rocks on both hemispheres. The Tertiary formations, the existence of which I have so long advocated, and have been at so much trouble to ascertain and explain, form now one of our most interesting geological divisions, and are daily becoming more studied. Their characters are precisely similar to the analogous strata in the celebrated basins of the Isle of Wight and of Paris, so well described, respectively, by Webster and by Cuvier.

"The lectures on geology, delivered to the Athenæum, are preparing for the press. They are intended as a text-book for beginners; and in them the author dwells somewhat at large upon the similarity of the newer or Tertiary formations of our country with those of England and France. Like our gigantic primary and secondary regions, the Tertiary of the United States has a vast extent. The most northwardly and easterly locality is at Martha's Vineyard, whence it skirts the Atlantic, reposing on our primary ridge through all our Atlantic States. The fossils are the same as the European from analogous districts; and the skeleton of the mastodon which I discovered last year, is from this region.

"You will see by our public prints what our people think of the canals, since the legislature of our State has authorised surveys to be made to ascertain the practicability of seventeen new canals in New York alone. It is very probable that most of them will be completed; more particularly as individuals have made offers of funds at so low a rate of interest, that even a partial failure would be attended with no great loss. No failure, however, can take place, as the facilities of trade, and immense increase of agricultural pursuits, fully warrant the expense. A very few years will pay off the debt thus contracted. The grand canal has already, the first year, paid the interest of the loan, and thrown an immense surplus into the state treasury.

"It has thus already been a source of revenue, independent of the vast benefits it bestows on the whole western region, and which thus becomes an enriched capital of the State: for we may consider our western lands as so much solid capital, whence our State draws employment, agriculture, contentment, and prosperity, for its citizens. Below you have a list of the surveys ordered:

"A law has passed the Assembly to survey the following seventeen new canal routes: from the Seneca Lake to the Chemung River, at or near the village of New Town; from Syracuse in Onondaga county, to Fort Watson in the county of Cortland, and also from Chenango Point up the valley of the Chenango River through the

town of Norwich to the Erie Canal; from the Susquehanna River up the valley of the Unadilla to the Erie Canal; from the Cayuga Lake to the Susquehanna River, at or near the village of Oswego; from the Erie Canal, in the county of Herkimer, to the upper waters of Black River; thence on the most eligible route to the River St. Lawrence, at or near Ogdensburg; from the Erie Canal, near the village of Rome, in the county of Oneida, by the way of the Black river to Ogdensburg; from Rochester to Allegany river at Olean through the valley of the Genesee river; from Scottsville by way of Le Roy to the upper falls of the Genesee river; from the Champlain canal to the Vermont line along the valley of the Battenkill, or by any more eligible route; from Lake Erie to the Allegany river through the valley of the Conewango, and from the Allegany river at Olean to the Erie canal by way of the village of Batavia; from Portland in Chautauque county to the head of the Chautauque lake; from the village of Catskill on the Hudson river along the valley of the Catskill and Schoharie creeks; to intersect the Erie canal west of the Schoharie creek; between Gravesend bay, Jamaica bay, Great South bay, and South-Hampton bay, and across Canoe place to South-Hold bay on Long Island; from or near Sharon to the tide waters of the Hudson, at or near the mouth of Croton river, or to the city of New York; and from the village of Rochester in the county of Monroe to Lake Ontario.

#### THE MULBERRY-TREE: SHAKESPEARE.

THE memory of the relics of Shakespeare's celebrated Mulberry Tree has recently been revived, by the public sale of a distinguished portion of them by Mr. Christie; and, by way of a variety to our this week's Gazette, we have procured a wood-engraving of the Cup, which is hereto subjoined:



A short history of this much-famed Cup, is contained in the following extract from the Life of Garrick, prefixed to his poetical works:

"A clergyman, into whose possession the house once belonging to our great Poet had come, found that a Mulberry Tree which grew in the garden, and which had been planted, according to tradition, by Shakespeare himself, overshadowed his mansion and made it damp. To remedy

this inconvenience he caused it to be cut down, to the great mortification of his neighbours, who were so enraged at him, that they soon rendered the place, out of revenge, too disagreeable for him to remain in it. He therefore was obliged to quit it; and the tree, being purchased by a carpenter, was retailed and cut out in various relics.

"The Corporation of Stratford presented the Freedom of their Borough to Mr. Garrick, in a box made of that very Mulberry Tree planted by Shakespeare's own hand."

The Mulberry Cup has also been recorded in the celebrated ballad\* sung at the Jubilee, now little remembered:

"Behold this fair Goblet, 'twas carved from the tree  
Which, Oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee;  
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree,  
Bend to thee, blessed Mulberry;  
Matchless was he who planted thee,  
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,  
From him and his merits this takes its degree;  
Give Phœbus and Bacchus the laurel and vine,  
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.  
Then each take a relic of this hallowed tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;  
Fill, fill to the brim, the Cup to the brim—  
To honour your country do homage to him.

All shall yield, &c.  
The Catalogue of the "valuable and highly interesting Collection," the Property of the late David Garrick, Esq., sold by Mr. Christie, at his room, King-street, St. James's, on 5th May last, describes the Cup as follows:—"Lot 170. The original Cup carved from Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree, which was presented to David Garrick, by the Mayor and Corporation, at the time of the Jubilee, at Stratford-upon-Avon, lined with silver, gilt, with a cover surmounted by a bunch of mulberry leaves and fruit, also of silver gilt."

It was bought by Mr. J. Johnson, Southampton-street, Strand, for 177*l.* 1*s.*

There were also sold at the same sale, "Five Blocks of the celebrated Mulberry Tree of Shakespeare; well authenticated;" price 31 guineas.

This relic acquires additional value from the circumstance of its never having changed possessors, from the time it was presented to Garrick, in September, 1769, to the present, a period of nearly three-score years, and during the greater part of which time it has been virtually locked up from public view. The tree was cut down about the year 1756, and could not have been less than 140 year old. It is said the mulberry was first planted in England about 1609. It is not a little singular, that, at the time Garrick received this relic of the Immortal Bard, he resided in Southampton-street, as appears by his letter to the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford, returning thanks for having elected him a Burgess of Stratford-on-Avon; and the residence of its second possessor, Mr. Johnson, after a lapse of nearly sixty years, is in the same street.

The Cup itself is of a very chaste and handsome form: plain, but in good taste, and the wood prettily marked.

\* This song, beginning, "Behold this fair goblet," &c. was sung by Garrick, holding the Cup in his hand.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

\* \* \* Advertisements cannot be inserted under this head.

The Troubadour Catalogue of Pictures, &c. by the author of the Improvisatrice, is expected to appear in about ten days.

The lately discovered work of Mr. Milton, edited by Mr. Sumner, is looked for about the same period.

The Tales of the Crusaders certainly not earlier. These are two in number: report speaks most favourably of the second.

The Rev. Alex. Law, whose Essay gained the prize of the Highland Society of London, is preparing to publish a History of Scotland, from the earliest period to the middle of the 18th century.



London's Encyclopedia of Agriculture is announced to appear in a few days; and soon afterwards, No. 1. of the "Gardener's Quarterly Register, and Magazine of Rural and Domestic Improvement," to be continued quarterly. This work has been generally called for, and will, if we may judge from the reputation of the author, form a focus for gardening discussion and gossip, acceptable to both practical men and amateurs.

Another new Quarterly Magazine is, we observe, about to be started: it professes to avoid politics; and to be the production principally of young scholars who have left the universities and are preparing for other pursuits.

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Considerations upon the Expediency of Building a Metropolitan Palace, 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed.—Edinburgh Annual Register for 1824, 4 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.—Edinburgh Annual Register for 1824, 8vo. 18s. 6d.—Tales of My Grandmother, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. 6d.—Doddley's Annual Register for 1824, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—White's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 4d.—Select Poetry, 16mo. 2s. 6d.—Facetiae Cantabrigienses, 12mo. 5s. bound.—Babylon the Great, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. 6d.—Smith's France and Switzerland, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Gilchrist's East India and Museum, 8vo. 18s. 6d.—Young's Catalogue of the Marquess of Stafford's Gallery, 2 vols. 4to. half-bound, 6l. 6s. large paper, 12l. 12s.—Mc. Neile's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Close's Nine Sermons, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Hamilton's Hanc Brevi, f.c. 9s. 6d.—Carrington's Plinius of Aristotle, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, Esq. 4to. 3s. 10s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will J. F. favour us with a further communication before we say any or no? Have not the blue book J. H. B. left at our office. From "Lines written by an old Scottish Priest in Ireland, on the Battle of Culloden," we insert three stanzas: the others too closely resemble Campbell's well-known and beautiful Poem:—

The war-cloud thickens; blood around  
Sweeps like a torrent o'er the ground;  
Culloden hears the baneful sound,  
And feels the approaching agony.

Ah! vain your stand, ye gallant few  
To prince, to state, to freedom true,  
As snow dissolves before the dew,  
So shall you yield to destiny.

Few, few their friends shall meet again,  
Their highland dwellings few remain,  
Few tend their docks 'mid drifting rain  
Along the mountain scenery.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXIII.**  
Is published this day.  
**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-Street, Pall-Mall East.**—The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living Artists of the United Kingdom, is now open.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.  
W. LINTON, Secretary.

**WANTED, TWO or THREE well-educated YOUTHS** as Apprentices to the Bookbinding & Publishing Business. A Premium will be required. Apply at Messrs. Longman's and Co. Paternoster-row.

**77, LEICESTER-SQUARE,**  
Formerly the Repository of Sir R. Reynolds.  
**EXHIBITION of a SPLENDID GALLERY**  
OF PORTRAITS, and the Circular Zodiac of Dendera, Sculptured in Marble by order of Buonaparte. This Exhibition will be opened to the Public for the Season, this Day, June 18th. Hours of admission from 9 o'clock until dusk.—Admission 1s.  
J. COMONT.

**HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**  
THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Society will be held at the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street, on Thursday, the 23rd instant.

THOMAS ANDREW KNIGHT, Esq. President, in the Chair.

The Duke of Montrose.  
The Earl of Aberdeen.  
The Lord Selkirk.  
The Lord Cathcart.  
The Right Hon. Lord George Bessborough.  
The Rt. Hon. William Huskisson, M.P.  
The Right Hon. Sir Charles Ansell, M.P.  
Sir William Edmond Broughton, Bart. M.P.  
Edward Bernard, Esq.  
John Caley, Esq.  
Tickets, one guinea each, may be had of Mr. John Turner, at the house of the Society in Regent-street, until Tuesday, the first inst. after which day none will be issued.

**Dodley's Annual Register.**—This day is published, 6s. boards.  
**THE ANNUAL REGISTER; or, a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1824.**  
London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Jory; J. Cuthell, Longman and Co.; Jeffery and Son; J. Booker; Harding and Co.; Sherwood and Co.; G. B. Whittaker; Harst and Co.; W. Borestone; Simpkin and Marshall; and J. Collingwood.  
The Editor has been anxious to produce this volume at the time which he regards as the proper period of publication. By indulging in longer delay he could have executed the work with more ease to himself, but not with more advantage to the Reader. A General Index to the Annual Register from its commencement in 1755 will be published in the ensuing winter.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS,** will close their EXHIBITION next Saturday, June 23th, at the Gallery, 5, Pall-Mall East.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

Just published, in one vol. 8vo. price 12s.  
**PUBLIC EDUCATION. Plans for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys in large numbers,** as practised at Hazelewood school. 2nd Edition.

This is a remarkably clever and sensible little book, on the principles and theory of education. "The soundness, manliness, and modesty of the views that are taken in the theoretical part, incline us to defer very much to the practical suggestions to which the Author has been conducted." "The reach and vigour of Mr. Hill's speculations, entitle his practice to no common attention."—*Edinburgh Review*, Feb. 1825.  
London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East.

The *Parthenon*, No. 11.—Second vol. 8vo. price 12s.

**MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.**  
A printed entirely on Stone, at the TYPOLITHOGRAPHIC PRESS, White Lyon Court, Wythe-street; and published by Black, Young, and Young, No. 24, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, who are ready to supply this day, Saturday, 18th June, time of publication the same as for the Evening Newspapers.

In 2 vols. 12mo. price 14s.  
**TRUTH and FASHION; a SKETCH.** By F. R. S.

Printed for G. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion.—Price 1s. 6d.  
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Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

Just published, in one vol. 4to. price 11s. 6d.  
**LETTERS of HORACE WALPOLE** (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris. To which are added, Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch: with a Portrait, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In addition to the usual gay and anecdotal style of Walpole's Letters, this collection contains most curious and valuable information on the political, personal, and ministerial and opposition intrigues, of the early reign of George the Third.  
London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East.

*Somerset Dialects.*—In 10mo. 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

**OBSERVATIONS on some of the DIALECTS of the WEST of ENGLAND,** particularly Somersetshire: with a Glossary of words not in the Dictionary, and Poems and other Pieces exemplifying the Dialect.

By JAMES JENKINGS.  
Hon. Sec. Metr. Lib. Institution.

"The public in general, and especially the natives of the West of England, will be highly gratified by the appearance of this volume. The Glossary, which occupies about eighty pages, is a monument of the industry and research of the Author; it will be found extremely useful in the study of many of the early English writers."—*Nov. Crit. Crit.* 1825, 1826.

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Member of the Royal Colleges of Physicians of London and Edinburgh; formerly a Physician to the Sheffield General Infirmary; late Obstetric Physician to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; one of the Physicians to the Royal Naval Charity for delivering poor Married Women at their own Habitations, &c. &c. Lecturer in Midwifery.

London: printed for Haest, Robinson, and Co. 99, Cheapside; and S. Highley, 72, Fleet-street.

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London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East.

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